The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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EXERCISED IN ORDER TO SOBER UP.

Coming Home at Midnight a Swell Resorts to the Rowing Machine to Brace up before Retiring.

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ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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FOR THE WEEK ENDING
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13 WEEKS 13

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OUR MOTTO,

"BE JUST AND FEARLESS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. F. E. (Manchester).—Your request will not be complied with.

B. (Liverpool).—See elsewhere in this issue.

W. (Cardiff).—Thanks for communication.

A. (Bristol). — It was a typographical error.

B. H. (Wolverhampton).—Craig and O'Brien fight the best of twenty rounds, October 8, at the National Sporting Club.

READER.—Jem Hall was born at Sydney, N.S.W., March 23, 1868. He was knocked out by Bob Fitzsimmons in four rounds.

SUBSCRIBER.—John L. Sullivan's only battles with bare knuckles, London Rules, were against Paddy Ryan, Charles Mitchell, and Jake Kilrain.

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W. PORTOBELLO.—Thanks for portraits.

STAGE.—George Gould, the American millionaire, married Miss Edith Kingdom, an actress.

PENRHINCEIBER.—Peter Jackson claims he was born in the West Indies in 1861, so he is thirty-three years of age. We believe, however, that he is much older than he claims to be. The wager would have to be decided on the age Jackson gives himself as being correct.

J. B.—Will appear next week.

H. M. (Brixton).—See next week's issue.

J. M. (Liverpool). — Portrait has been returned as requested.

W. T. (Plymouth) —What you are looking for is "The Earth Fenced In." No, we can't supply it to you.

THE bicycle records for twelve hours were crushed at the Putney track last Thursday by J. T. Rudham, who traversed a distance of 251 miles 1,710 yards. While he was thus engaged J. Platt-Betts covered half a mile in a minute. This season has indeed been a memorable one for record breaking by the cyclists, and it would seem that there must be a limit to the speed obtainable on the wheel. A French enthusiast believes we have not yet seen a fast race, because he proposes to introduce a machine to be propelled by hands and feet simultaneously. We are under the impression that the speed limit has about been attained, and record performances in the future will be few and far between.

* * *

THE cricket season, which was brought to a close the other day, has been one full of interest, and developed a keen struggle for the County Championship. Yorkshire made a brilliant struggle for premier honours, but was forced to be content with second position. The competition grows keener every year, and next season will be looked forward to with delight by all admirers of the game.

* * *

FREDERICK DEAN found welshing at the Yarmouth Races a costly game, and will, during his sentence of six weeks' hard, probably arrive at the conclusion that honesty is the best policy.

* * *

JUDGING from appearances the competition at rapid shaving for THE MIRROR OF LIFE trophy will be a spirited one, and create a vast deal of interest. It is safe to predict that the winner will be universally recognised as the world's champion at the game.

* * *

THE latest news from the seat of war informs us that Craig and O'Brien are both in hard training for their international glove contest to occur next month. It will certainly be an interesting battle, and one well worth witnessing.

* * *

IT took Jim Corbett six rounds to knock out Peter Courtney with small gloves. Bob Fitzsimmons performed the same trick on Courtney in one round, lasting two minutes. Now comes the vexed question, Can Corbett whip Fitzsimmons? On form, and taken in consideration what both men have accomplished the past five years, Corbett is by far the inferior man.

* * *

THE public have evidently been reading THE MIRROR OF LIFE carefully the past month. We spoke favourably of Opera Glass for the Cesarewitch when the odds were 100 to 1. It is backed down now to 100 to 6 with plenty of takers. The same may be mentioned of Xury for the Cambridgeshire. Those who wish to get inside Turf information should read THE MIRROR OF LIFE weekly.

HOW FORTUNE-HUNTERS ARE DISAPPOINTED.

Emigrants to Foreign Shores find themselves in Obnoxious Company.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

FROM time to time we read tales emanating from foreign shores, telling how visitors are afforded every opportunity to advance themselves in life, and many are foolish enough to place credence in all they hear or read. While many do leave this country and attain wealth, the majority who emigrate to foreign shores find themselves located in a place where a mere existence is the best they can possibly hope for. A good story is told of a party who set out to the colonies some years ago in search of a fortune. On reaching their destination they were thrown in contact with an unscrupulous set, and the only employment obtainable was to engage as railway hands. Before they could accomplish that task they were forced to sign away the first fortnight's wage, and the accommodation they received was to repose upon a broad floor of a large structure, presenting the appearance of a barn. Liquor of the vilest description was dispensed in the same room, and after toiling for a month they were absolutely poorer than when they started. Life was only safe when protected with firearms, and those who were beguiled into the clutches of the scoundrels were notified that there must be no kicking.

CHAPPIE: "There goes the—aw—man that invented smokeless powdah."

Wearie Beautie: "I should feel more interested in him if he had invented smokeless cigarettes."

HE: "Do you think that marriage is a failure?"

She (a prospective bride): "No. Hardly a failure. Just a temporary embarrassment."

KICKS FROM THE EDITOR.

MADE US FEEL ABASHED.—We will admit that we are not easily abashed, and possess sufficient courage to face anything within reason, but the other day we were placed in a predicament that gave our nervous system a fair shock. Since we had the entrance to our sanctum treated to a new coat of paint characters in search of a philanthropist have indeed fared badly. We congratulate ourselves on a narrow escape on Saturday whilst going through Fleet Street. There is no doubt but that it was due to ingenuity that we avoided a shakedown for a few bob. The joker whom we dodged wears a right eye made of glass, and as we came within a few yards of the mug-hunter we sloped to the left of the pavement. The left optic was dancing about in his head surveying the passers-by, and we did feel a trifle nervous lest it would rest on us. Thank heavens, we were on the right side of him, and after staring into the glass eye we passed on, breathing a sigh of relief. Our conscience troubled us a trifle when we slunked off, but a tankard of fourpenny imbued renewed vigour into our system.

On Monday we came rushing through Ludgate Circus towards the office to look over the proof-sheets of the pages of the paper to pass upon them, so the formes could go to press. Imagine our consternation when we ran amuck of another foreigner, who, however, had two good eyes, and refused to be shook. Now, how to discard that cove was a question. He was in search of our office. The paper he held in his hand gave an explicit description of what our establishment looked like a fortnight ago, so we felt reasonably secure if we could only shake him off. We walked him till he became breathless, and then he broke into a trot to keep up. He finally declared he was not in search of a loan, but desired us to bring him to a boot shop, so he could replenish his foot gear. Possessing considerable business faculty, we forgot about the paper, and piloted our charge to a boot shop where we was acquainted in hopes of securing a commission on the deal. When that cove removed his left shoe we regretted the bargain, because the sock he wore was in shreds and the toes protruded through the opening. To add insult to injury he commenced to scratch the bottom of his foot, and the way that boot clerk looked on in disgust made us feel abashed. Would we dare to seek a commission on such a customer? Well, we should smile. We whispered in the ear of our charge to shove his left foot under the chair and take off the right boot, but he made matters worse by declaring aloud that the right foot was without a sock. That was as much as we could stand, so we rushed into the street closely pursued by the joker, who carried one boot in his hand. Down Farringdon Street we fairly flew and dodged down a court to Fleet Street, and when we got there our friend met us. He had taken a shorter cut and headed us off. We remained away from the office all day Monday, and it was not until evening that we discarded our cares, because we walked that fellow till he finally wound up in a "pub" and fell fast asleep. While he was reposed in his sweet dreams we glided off, and now we approach our sanctum by a secret passage from a street directly in the rear of the building.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

MCELL: "Who is that little sawed-off, give so much back talk to your wife, out in the hall? If I were you I'd punch his head."

De Flatte: "Sh! that's the caretaker."

* * *

"JAMES, have you poured the American champagne into the imported bottles?"

"Ez shure ez me name is Moike, mum."

"Well, you can put the cobwebs on the bottles now, and then practise your English accent for the rest of the afternoon."

* * *

JUGLEY: "Cobley was loaded last night."

Corkton: "Well, that must have been the reason he shot off his mouth so often."

* * *

MAUDE: "Is that her own complexion?"

Mabel: "It ought to be. She paid for it."

* * *

"Do you think my daughter will ever become so proficient in her piano playing as to earn her livelihood at it?" asked the fond mother.

"Perhaps," replied the professor, "zome tay dey may vant a bianist in a teef und tumb azylum."

* * *

STOAKS: "There goes Chanter, Oakes. He's got one of the finest voices I ever heard—ever heard him sing? He's got a fine voice."

Oakes (sadly): "Yes; nice voice. I heard it about an hour ago—he borrowed a quid"

* * *

"WHAT have you been doin' all summer, Chimmy?"

"Been workin' at a summer hotel—waitin' on table t'rough de day an' leadin' de dancin' at night."

* * *

"SMITH says he has the key to the situation."

"Shut the door! He'll be here in less than ten minutes to borrow a half-crown to get the lock!"

* * *

MRS. PARK LANE: "Your husband has improved so much since his marriage."

Mrs. Dimpleton (much pleased): "Do you think so?"

Mrs. Park Lane: "Yes, indeed. He is getting so now that he can tell a pretty woman when he sees one."

* * *

JACK and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
But the things they said when they fell down
They really hadn't oughter.

* * *

SHE ON THE RIGHT: "Mrs. Newrich is certainly a most odious person. I really believe that she thinks more of her dog than she does of her boy."

She on the Left: "I haven't a doubt of it. You see her dog has a pedigree.

* * *

"THER," remarked Dismal Dawson, "ther goes another of the fellers that is livin' off of us pore working men."

"He don't look like no plute," said Everett Wrest.

"He ain't. He's one of them joke writers."

* * *

"If I were in your place," the visitor said,
As he looked through the grated door,
"I would turn my thoughts to a better life,
And endeavour to sin no more."

"If I were in your place, you bet your life,
The prisoner remarked from his cell,
"I would skim up the street till I couldn't rest,
In less time than it takes to tell."

* * *

"EXCUSE me," said the hotel clerk, "but you have neglected to register your private address."

"If you must know," said the man, "I'm from Kingsclere, where Throstle comes from, and I didn't have a penny on the beast when he won the St. Leger."

* * *

THIS is the message the telegraph messenger handed to him:

"Come down as soon as you can. I am dying. KATE."

Eight hours later he arrived at the summer hotel, to be met on the piazza by Kate herself.

"Why, what did you mean by sending me such a message?" he asked.

"Oh," she gurgled, "I wanted to say that I was dying to see you, but my twelve words ran out, and I had to stop."

MEMOIRS OF TOM SPRING.

In consequence of some trifling dispute which occurred on Monday evening, December 20, 1819, between Ben Burns and Spring, over the gaily circling glass, about who were the best men of the day, and Burns fancying himself as good as any of them, £20 a-side was deposited for the above heroes to meet the next morning on Wimbledon Common, at one o'clock. Spring and Burns were true to the time, when Eales and an amateur seconded the former, and Richmond and Scroggins the latter. Eleven rounds occurred, when the contest was decided in favour of Spring in eighteen minutes. It was five to one at the commencement of the fight on Spring; but both the men were much out of condition. Burns fought in a very manly style, although he could not change it in his favour, and was compelled from weakness to give in. He received some heavy body blows, and a sharp nobbler or two. Spring also got a sharp hit over his eye, which suffered so severely in his battle with Painter; in other respects he was not hurt. Not more than 250 persons were present. The stakes and ropes belonging to the Pugilistic Club formed the ring.

In consequence of the friends of Painter forfeiting to Spring, a match was made between Bob Burns and Spring for £100 a-side, but owing to his bad state of health, the backers of Spring preferred forfeiting the £100 rather than risking a contest with Burns. A second match for £100 a-side was, however, made; it took place on Tuesday, May 16, 1820, on Epsom Downs.

In the estimation of the ring followers it seems Burns had risen considerably from a slashing set-to he had had of twenty-one rounds with Larkin a few days previous, during which they ultimately floored each other, and it was then thought by the judges who were admitted to this private trial of skill that Burns had the best of it. This circumstance, added to the well-known illness of Spring, induced most of the sporting men to hedge off their bets and take the odds upon Burns. Indeed, in a few instances the odds were now laid upon the latter; but five to four on the ground was thinly sported on Spring.

Burns appeared first, and threw his hat into the ring, attended by his seconds, Larkin and Randall. He kept walking up and down for some minutes before his adversary entered the ropes. Spring at length appeared, followed by Cribb and Shelton, when the latter observed to Spring, "Mind, Tom, that you throw your hat into the ring so that it does not blow out." Spring took the hint, and his castor remained firm in the ring. Randall then tied Burns's colours (green) to the stakes, and the blue handkerchief of Spring was immediately added to them. Although in point of truth the above battle was pronounced a bad fight, yet, nevertheless, Spring was justly entitled to much praise, from his good style of fighting and the skill he displayed in not going "to work" too rashly, from his bad condition. Had Spring been as well as he ought, the battle must have been over in half the time. It, however, was the general opinion of the Fancy that Burns, previous to the contest, could not be disposed of in half an hour, and numerous bets were made to that effect. Burns, after the first round, appeared to have lost his confidence. If he had commenced fighting at the beginning of the rounds, a different account might have been given of the result. He had no scientific points about him. He was what is termed a good man; but there is a vast difference between that character and the appellation of a good fighter. Gameness alone will not reach the top of the tree. Spring in one instance behaved bravely to his opponent, and was much applauded. He had Burns at the ropes in a defenceless state, but he saw the battle was his own, so he lifted up his hands and walked away.

A match was near taking place between Spring and Sutton, but it ended in idle gossip.

In consequence of some dispute about impropriety of conduct between Spring and Josh, Hudson, after the battle had taken place with Cooper and Shelton, at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, June 27, 1820, a purse of £20 was immediately subscribed by the spectators for Spring and Hudson to fight. Both of the combatants accepted the offer without the least hesitation, more especially because one spectator offered £5 to Hudson if he would only fight one round with Spring. Five or six rounds, however, were sharply contested, in which Joshua drew the cork of his antagonist; but, on his getting the worst of it, Hudson pocketed the £5, and Turner took him out of the ring. This was the fourth battle on that day. Spring also looked upon this £20 as a sweetener for his losses on Shelton. It was like a sugar-plum to Spring. The dispute in question, it seems, was owing to the latter refusing to admit Hudson into the room where Shelton had been put to bed. Hudson quitted the ring with great reluctance.

During the time Spring was at Norwich, when Painter fought with Oliver, five guineas a-side were deposited for a match between the Gas Light Man and Spring. The backers of Hickman, however, did not come forward at the appointed time in London to make the stakes good, when the £5 was forfeited to Spring.

The friends of Oliver, anxious to keep the game alive, made a match for £100 a-side with Spring, to be decided on February 20, 1821.

This battle took place in Newman's Fields in Middlesex. Oliver threw his hat in the ring about six minutes to three, followed by Tom Owen and Richmond. Spring appeared shortly afterwards, repeating the token of defiance, attended by the Champion of England and Painter. The colours—yellow for Oliver and blue for Spring—were tied to the stakes. On meeting in the ring the combatants shook hands together in the true British style, and Spring asked Oliver how he did? "Pretty bobbish," said Oliver, smiling; "very well." Spring won this battle three times before it was over. It is true that he had no right to give a chance away, either against himself or his backers. But he plainly saw the battle was his own; he fought without grumbling; he acted so honourably, nay generously, to a fine, high-couraged, game opponent, that Oliver should not have to say "that he had not every opportunity to win, if he could"; but what was even more important, it prevented any wriggling, and nothing like a wrangle could be attempted. Spring, by his superior mode of fighting on that day, raised himself considerably in the estimation of the Fancy in general. Oliver was terribly punished, while Spring, on the contrary, had not the slightest mark on his face. If Spring did not rank with Jem Belcher, Cribb, or Gulley at that time, he was well acquainted with boxing, and showed he knew a little of everything about the points of milling towards victory. He beat Oliver in a first-rate style; his caution was admirable. The bravery of Oliver and his exertions to win were above all praise. Spring, in the style of a true Briton, "when the battle was ended, with the heart of a lamb," called to see Oliver on the Friday after the fight, when they shook hands. Oliver then told Spring that he had entertained an opinion before the fight he was the strongest man, but that Spring was too long for him.

In consequence of a paper war which had long been carried on between Spring and Neat, a match was made between them; both aspired and respectively claimed the title of Champion of England. It, however, could not be brought about at that period, as Spring insisted upon the payment of £25, and to which he was justly entitled, of the deposit money which became forfeited in a previous match. At a meeting of the Ring followers, May 18, to patronise the farewell benefit of the veteran Tom Cribb, at the Fives Court, Spring, having arrived at the pinnacle of his greatness, and flattering himself with peace and tranquillity, was again called upon to enter the ring. But it was now a hero of no common stamp that presented himself as a candidate for the dazzling prize, and in introducing the name of Jack Langan to our readers it is but justice to say that a gamer man and a fairer fighter never contended for a stake. On these boxers meeting, as might have been expected, greater courage and more general manliness were never exhibited.

(To be continued.)

GEORGE GRANT.

The Edinburgh Athlete who is Champion Short Distance Runner of Scotland.

(With Portrait.)

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Thomas Webster, the photographer and publisher, located at the Brandon Club, 90, Argyle Street, Glasgow, we are enabled to publish a portrait of George Grant, the speedy and popular sprint runner of Edinburgh. He was born in 1867, stands 5ft 11in, and in running gear scales 12st. It was in 1887 that Grant first attracted the attention of sporting men in Scotland, when he finished second to Hamilton, of Queensberry, in the final heat of a £100 handicap, held at the Powderhall Grounds, in Edinburgh. He was then taken in charge by a well-known sporting man, who secured Law. Brims, of Manchester, to prepare him for the New Year's Handicap, for £100 in prizes, held at the Powderhall Grounds in 1888. Grant made such a vast improvement in his running that he captured the "plum" with ridiculous ease. The friends and supporters of Grant then induced him to prepare to "spin" for a Sheffield handicap. This he did, and as a result the first prize in the £100 Shrovetide Handicap, decided on the Queen's Grounds, Sheffield, in 1889, fell to his credit. The following year he secured first prize in a 120 yards race at Paris for the championship of France. Since his last win Grant has not been given an opportunity to run because of the handicapper's allotting him a decidedly short start. They keep him close to the scratch man for safety; consequently he has been placed into enforced idleness. He has recently married an estimable lady, and is undecided as to whether he will again run or not. In the North Grant is a favourite, and admired by all who know him. Being a fund of anecdote and a gentleman of pleasing address, he has probably more friends than any runner that ever donned a pair of spiked shoes.

ALF HANLON.

A Manchester Pugilist who is Performing Well in the States.

(With Portrait.)

ALF HANLON, a middle-weight pugilist who is now in New York, hails from Manchester, being 27 years of age. He first attained prominence at the Star Music Hall, Manchester, April 30, 1888, when he won a 10st 7lb competition, defeating Joe Todd in the final bout. Since then he has performed in the ring as follows:—Beat Walsh, at Liverpool, in two rounds; beat Jack Brierly, eight rounds; beat Tom Shawcross, Manchester, two rounds; beat J. Brierly, Liverpool, fifteen rounds; beat J. Gamble, Manchester, twelve rounds; beaten twice by Lachie Thomson; beat Harry Downie, Manchester, twice, in twelve and three rounds respectively; beat Harry Neurnyer, New York, six rounds; beaten by C. Farrell, Boston, U.S.A., six rounds; draw with P. Burke, Brooklyn; beat Barney Foley, Brooklyn, three rounds; beat P. Burke, thirty-eight rounds; received forfeit from L. Nally.

Hanlon is located in Jersey City, U.S.A., but contemplates a visit to his native heath this winter, coming in hopes of securing a battle with some of the 11st division.

FROLICS OF CLERKS ON THEIR VACATION.

How Clerks on a Limited Salary Pose as Swells During a Fortnight's Vacation.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"NEVER judge a man by the coat he wears" is an old but true proverb. Those who hold menial positions seldom if ever permit an opportunity to slip through their grasp to cut a dash, and frequently put on more "side" than men worth millions. The summer season is probably the best time to detect these impostors at work. They generally travel in couples, and when they get a fortnight's holiday they make a bolt for the country, where they pose as swells. Being of prepossessing appearance they naturally attract all the rural maidens to them, and while they remain they are fairly idolised by the females who come in contact with them. So long as they have a clean collar they can put on a pretty bold front and cut a dash, but if you trace them to the City after they return you will see them screaming "Cash!" behind the counter of some large draper's shop, or maybe they will turn out waiters in a restaurant, looking for a penny tip from each customer. If some of the rural maidens happen in they are shocked to perceive their summer mash. Some of the vain fellows may find employment in a tailor's shop. Whatever may be the clerk's employment, he will toil fifty weeks a year and live on a scanty fare just to enjoy a fortnight of grandeur.

JAMES MORAN, OF LIVERPOOL.

An 8st 4lb Pugilist who is Prepared to Fight any Lad in Lancashire at Even Weight.

(With Portrait.)

WE publish this week a portrait of James Moran, of Liverpool, and his trainer Thomas Bell. He is a son of the veteran James Moran, who was so favourably known as the Unknown. Young Moran was born in Liverpool, December 13, 1875, and fights at 8st 4lb when in condition. His first essay in the boxing arena was on May 10, 1891, at Liverpool, where he met J. J. Garrity, the 6st 6lb champion of Lancashire, for a purse of £5. Moran won in twelve rounds. In September, 1892, he disposed of Young Cohen, of Nottingham, in four rounds, for a purse, in private. Last November he took on Alf Garrity in a contest in Liverpool, and although he fairly defeated Garrity, the referee decided in favour of the latter. In March he met Young Mansfield, of Manchester, in a ten-round battle in Butler's Rooms in Liverpool, for a purse, and whipped his adversary in eight rounds.

In a private match last May he vanquished Jack Wallace at Liverpool in eleven rounds. August 23 he disposed of Tom Wallace, of Warrington, in eight rounds for a purse. Moran's last appearance was at Malakoff Hall, Liverpool, September 6, when he knocked Jack Wallace out of time in one round.

Moran is a clever, persevering lad, and stands prepared to accommodate anyone in Lancashire to a fight to a finish at 8st 4lb, for a suitable purse and side bet. He is trained and seconded by Thomas Bell, of Liverpool.

SERGEANT R. W. MOGFORD.

Gymnastic Instructor at the Royal Naval School at Eltham.

(With Portrait.)

SERGEANT R. W. MOGFORD is Gymnastic Instructor to the Royal Naval School at Eltham, a position he has held for several years. He joined the Army on April 15, 1882, being but sixteen years of age. He served for one year and nine months in the 2nd Battalion of the Border Regiment, stationed in Ireland during the Fenian scare, and at the time of the Phœnix Park murder. In February, 1884, he was dispatched to India, joining the 1st Battalion of his regiment, located at Agra. After six years' service in India he obtained a first-class Army certificate for fencing, gymnastics, and Army signalling. Returning to England, he was appointed Sergeant Instructor to the Royal Naval School at Eltham. Sergeant Mogford is a favourite in Kent, and can occasionally be seen giving a performance with Indian clubs or in a fencing bout at charitable entertainments.

R. G. KNOWLES.

The Music-hall Artist who is to Appear at Toole's Theatre in "A Trip to Chinatown."

(With Portrait.)

ONE of the most popular artists performing upon the music-hall stage is R. G. Knowles. He was born in Buffalo, New York State, 33 years ago, and when but a boy the stage fever imbedded itself so thoroughly into his system that he sought an opening in Chicago. The managers of the Olympic Theatre saw he possessed talent, and gave him a public trial; the trial led to an engagement, and thereby hangs the tale of Knowles's success. He played at all the principal variety theatres in the States for several years, and when W. S. Cleveland reorganised the famous Haverley Minstrels he engaged Knowles at a salary of £15 per week to take an end seat. Artists, like men out of the profession, have a burning desire to pose as a "jack-of-all-trades" and master of none. Some succeed in mastering all, and so it was with Knowles; he vanished from the burnt-cork profession to comedy, and created the part of Judge Jack in "A Pair of Jacks." Later on he assumed a principal part in "Natural Gas." Both plays had long successful runs, and, seeking to attain a higher point in the profession, he engaged with Augustin Daly, playing several seasons with Daly's Company in New York.

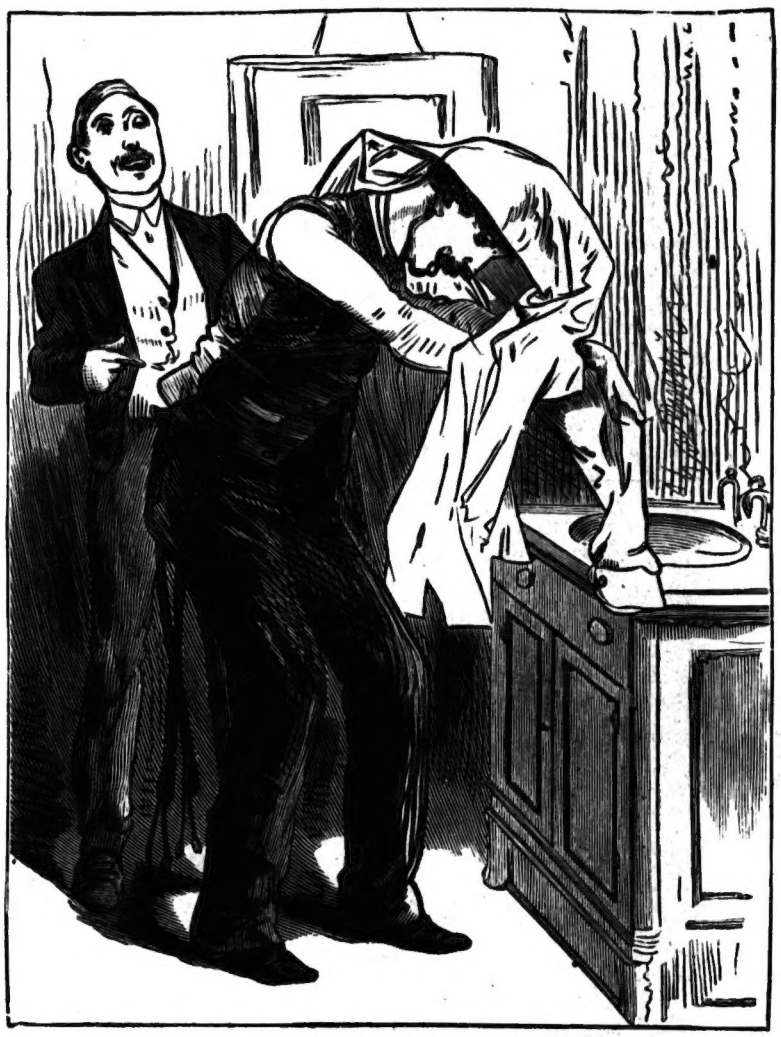
Knowles came here several years ago, and accepted a music-hall engagement, and his success was spontaneous. Confining his London appearances to the Tivoli, Oxford, and London Pavilion, he is always welcome to the patrons of those places. He pays an occasional visit to his home in the States, but invariably returns, because he likes the country, and, what is more, he is fond of English people. On Saturday he appears for the first time in England in a farce comedy—"A Trip to Chinatown"—at Toole's Theatre, portraying the character of Welland Strong. The plot is laid in San Francisco, and a portion of the city known as Chinatown is the spot where the participants of the comedy are supposed to visit. Welland Strong is, according to his own estimation, a dying man, and every move he makes is presumably to bring about the desired end. Ample opportunity will be afforded Knowles to bring to the surface his witty sayings, and it would be difficult to find another artist in England who would be as well adapted for the part. Specialty turns are worked in with a nicety, and with those who enjoy a light comedy, full of humorous incidents, it should provoke favourable comment. Aside from Knowles' ability as a performer, he is an excellent baseball player, and to him is due the credit of making the game popular in this country. He is a member of the Thespian team, winners of the championship this season. To encourage the various ball players he gave a handsome trophy, which was competed for this year. It is such men as Knowles who maintain the interest in sports, and when it comes to advancing any branch into popularity money is a secondary consideration.

ETHEL: "I don't believe in marrying young, do you?"

Edith: "No—that is, not too young."

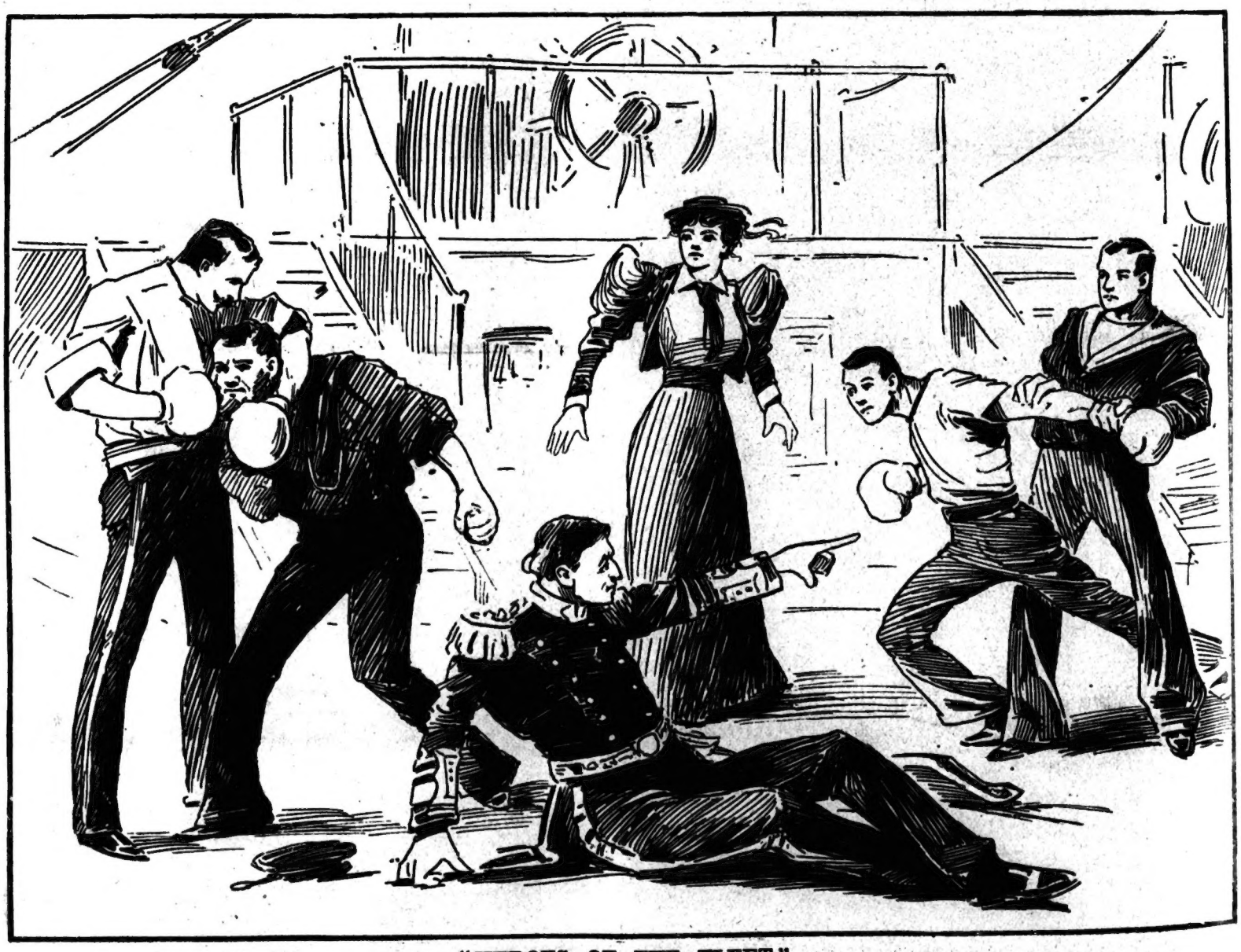
Ethel: "When I think of it, it seems hardly possible that my mother was married before I was born."

Edith: "Good gracious! Is your mother that old?"



A HOTEL TOILET ROOM EPISODE.
An Inebriated Young Man who Doffed his Shirt to Wash Up.

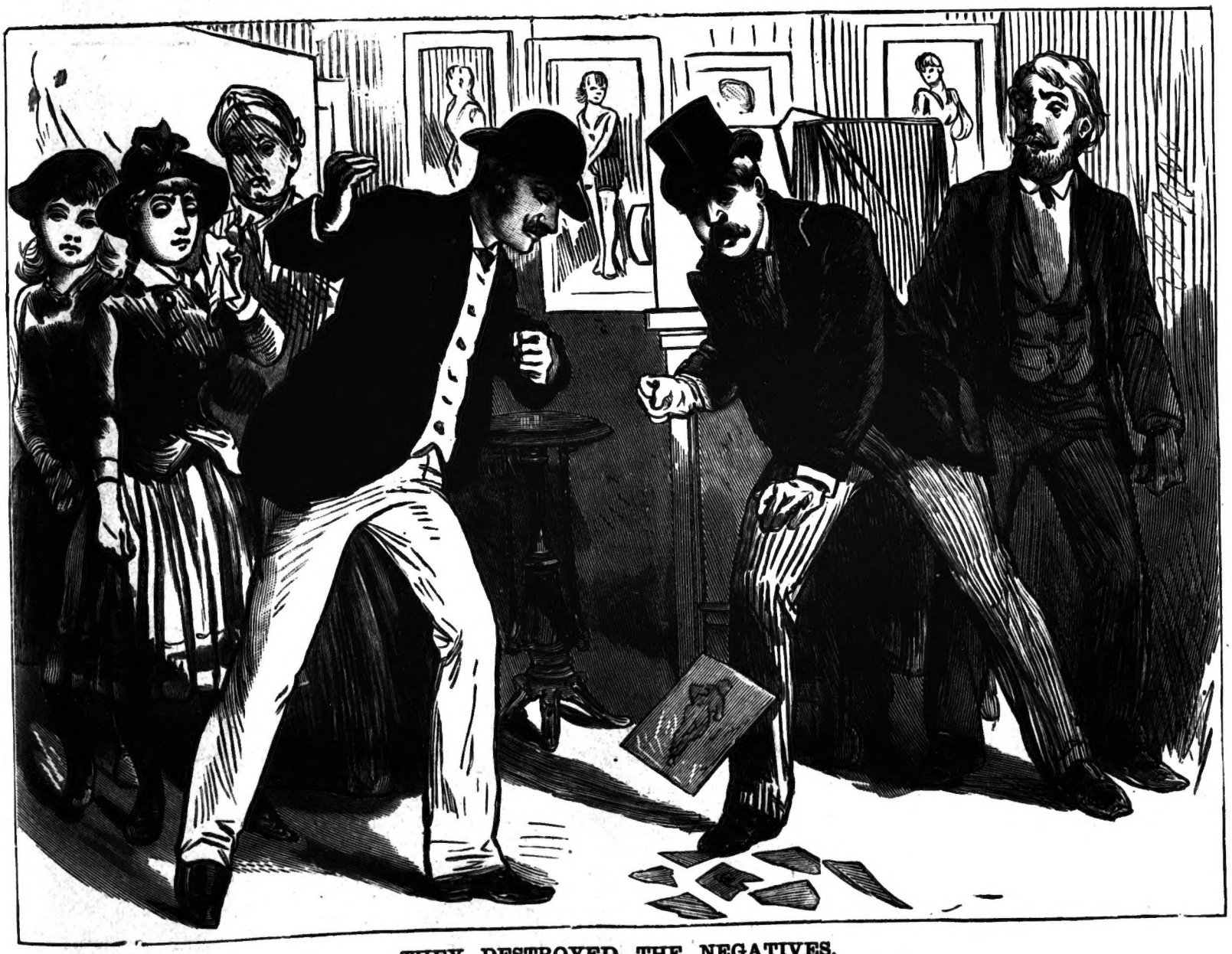
HELD UP TO RIDICULE.
A Loving Couple Placarded by Street Urchins.



"HEROES OF THE FLEET."
Willie Smith and Bill Baxter Score a Success on the Stage, in a Comedy Sketch.

SHE HAD HIM CORNERED.
The Manner in which a Young Man was Prevented from Going Out Between the Acts.

BLOCKED THEIR GAME.
A Card Sharp Out-Generals Three Schemers.



THEY DESTROYED THE NEGATIVES.
Young Men who Objected to their Sisters being Photographed in Tights.

A PROMISING YOUTH DISCOURAGED.—We often wonder what has become of Young Creedon, who was in Dublin seven years ago. When John L. Sullivan was making his tour in Ireland, Creedon presented himself as a candidate to oppose John L. for a few rounds "just for fun." The management tried to frighten the young Irishman off, but he wouldn't be denied, and finally compromised the arrangement by taking on Jack Hickey, who hailed from Birmingham, and travelled with the Sullivan "push." The novice made it extremely interesting for Jack, and came near coming out victorious; but, in an unguarded moment, Hickey got in a telling blow, which swerved matters somewhat. In lieu of his excellent show he was presented with a gold medal, and in 1888 he turned up at a sporting resort in Boston, U.S.A., offering to box any middle-weight. By way of a bit of sport, the hangers-on in the place put up a good stiff man against Creedon for an impromptu battle. While the Boston fighter was trying to punch Creedon's face, four of those present opened up a fusillade with their boots upon the Irishman's hind quarters. Most people would have turned and looked back, but like a good soldier Creedon kept his attention directed upon the man in front of him. He knocked him down, and then wheeled around and set about the cowardly loafers who served him a dirty turn. Those who were unable to get out of danger and escape went down before the Irishman's blows. He left that place a conqueror, and from that day to the present we have never heard of him. Creedon had the makings of a good man, but the discouragement he received no doubt induced him to attain a more reputable means of livelihood.

* * *

KNOWS WHEN HE'S GOT ENOUGH.—Several people have written to ask us our opinion of Jack Fitzpatrick, who formerly resided in Montreal, but came here a few years back. It is pretty hard for anyone to express true sentiments, because the truth is not what most people appreciate. We can, however, reply that eight years ago Jack was regarded by Canadians as the most formidable lad in America at 8st 6lb, and many of the good 'uns gave him a wide berth until Bobby Burns, an inferior pugilist hailing from Providence, took him on. They met in Boston for a purse, and though Fitz was a heavy favourite Burns planted in some good hits, which caused betting to rule at evens. Fitz didn't relish the task he had before him, and turned the job up. He wasn't hurt, and those who were present were free in declaring that the Montrealer showed the white feather.

* * *

CORBETT A GREAT ADMIRER OF HIMSELF.—The fight Corbett engaged in with

Peter Courtney before a kinetoscope the other day won't advance him much in the estimation of sporting men. Courtney is an unknown quantity, and besides he is well a'ong in years, too. It does appear funny that he should go seeking "soft" money in small lots in preference to taking on Jackson or Fitzsimmons. He claims to be a champion, and still declines a bonâ fide offer to do battle in a reliable club. When he was showing at Drury Lane, one of his company told us rather an amusing story. He said, "Every day Corbett stands up before a looking-glass and poses in the different fighting attitudes, just to see how graceful he can appear. It is then that he practises all his fancy blows, and he is a good judge, too, because there is no one to respond to his leads at the empty space. If you want to see him pummel his sparring partner about the stage, just tell him there is a young lady in the audience who admires him, and he will perform in a most effective fashion. Donaldson always quaked when he saw Corbett looking at any female in the audience, because he knew just what to expect. Corbett's greatest fault is that he is a great admirer of himself. He is infatuated with his ability as an actor, and detests fighting because he don't care to take the chances of a good hiding."

* * *

ROBBED OF WHAT HE HAD.—Some forty years ago as tough a set of ruffians as ever graced gaol made it a practice to attend

every prize ring encounter, in order to rob the better element who came across their path. It was at a mill in Derbyshire that a farmer attended out of curiosity, and by chance won a fairly good sum by picking the winner. He felt highly elated over his good fortune, and made no secret of his judgment in backing the man who carried off the honours of the day. Mounting his steed, he started on a journey to the nearest town to imbibe in a little refreshment. When he got out in the roadway a Birmingham rough who boasted of the sobriquet of Long Legged Charley indulged in a leap-frog act, landing upon the back of the horse directly behind the farmer. He placed his left hand over the farmer's eyes, when the latter exclaimed:

"Dang it, mister, I know who you be, but I reckon, springy as you are to get up behind like this, the pair on us 'll break the ould mare's back if you don't just get down."

While thus engaged in talking the farmer had no idea that Charley was depriving him of his watch and money, and when the thief got down to the ground the farmer rode off in high glee. He became aware of his loss when he ordered a drink at a public-house, and became so enraged at being robbed of every penny that he declared the prize ring was hardly a game suited to those who were not up to the ways that are dark.

SHE HAD HIM CORNERED.

The Manner in which a Young Man was Prevented from Going Out Between the Acts.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IT is a common practice for young men to invite a girl to the theatre, and, at the end of every act, go out to indulge in a little refreshment. Such actions are odious to the companion, and cause no end of annoyance to those who attend the show to witness the play. At a prominent theatre, the other evening, a young lady pinned her escort to the chair, and at the end of the first act he started to rise in order to go out for a "reviver," but found himself in check. He was forced to remain till the play was at an end before he was extricated from his position.

GAVE THE PARSON A CALL DOWN.

A Man who Doubted the Veracity of the Language used at a Christening.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THOUGH some men believe in having their children christened, many doubt the veracity of the language used at such a ceremony. It was at such a ceremony in the North that a man had his first and only son pose as the prominent figure, and after it had been gone through congratulations were in order. Cards of those present were handed to the parson, and when it came around to the parent's turn he passed forth a piece of pasteboard upon which was written, "I am something of a liar myself." Those present were convulsed in laughter, but not so the parson who served out a befitting reprimand.

OBEYED HIS MASTER.

An Irishman who Placed a Wrong Interpretation on the Instructions He Received.

(Subject of Illustration.)

AN Irishman is always full of wit, and though occasionally you find one dull of comprehension, when driven to a corner he will invariably squeeze out of a tight corner with a narrow margin. An English gentleman travelling in the colonies tells a good story of his servant, and vouches for the truth of it, too. It was in Melbourne that he purchased a portmanteau, which he gave to Pat and ordered him to pack his wearing apparel in it, and the following morning to secure a ticket for Sydney, where he was to go and secure hotel accommodation for his employer. In order to comply strictly with the instructions, he packed up his clothing, with the exception of his shirt and a top hat, and thus attired he walked boldly down to the railway station to book for Sydney. Believing the man to be insane, an officer took him in charge, and, in a semi-nude condition, walked him up before his employer, who asked him to explain his actions.

"Faith," says Pat, "and didn't you give me strict orders to pack up all me clothes in that portmanteau? Troth, and I'm always proud to obey me master."

BLOCKED THEIR GAME.

A Card Sharp Out-Generals Three Schemers.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THREE schemers were out-generalled in handsome style in a quiet game of cards recently. They allured an individual into playing poker, and when he held up a top hand the wagers were invariably light, whilst times when his opponents could show the winning hand bets were of a liberal character. It appears they had him sit directly beneath a small hole, which was cut through the ceiling, and from the opening there ran an invisible wire to the chair of one of the trio. A confederate was in the room above, and, being able to get full view of the hands held by the card-sharper, he telegraphed by means of the invisible wire just what they had to beat. A Jack Pot was formed, and, after some heavy wagers had been made, the sharper grasped an umbrella, which he opened and placed above his head. He held four aces, and played them to such a nicety that he won the bulk of the money in sight. The scheming trio were nonplussed, and, offering flimsy excuses, quit the game in search of an easier customer.

A PUNCH IN EXCHANGE FOR STAMPS.

A Jocular Young Man who Found Jack as Good as His Master.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THERE are several American bars in London, and each is looked after by what is supposed to be a first-class bar tender from across the pond. Fancy drinks are a specialty, and the specialties are expensive ones, too. It was into one of these resorts, last Friday night, that a Yankee walked, and, in order to display wit, he gave his order for a punch. When his drink was mixed he asked the barman if he objected to taking stamps in payment. Being informed that they were acceptable, he at once stamped his right foot six times, evidently to represent six penny stamps. Not relishing such a takedown, the barman let drive a right-hander full in the face, and remarked:—

"You've given me your stamps; take a blarsted good punch for your trouble."

WILLIAM GRIFFIN.

A North Londoner who was a Famous Walker.

(With Portrait.)

THOUGH short distance walking has lost its popularity, the public still remember William Griffin, who was one of the best men ever produced in this country. He has done some remarkable performances in his day, the more prominent ones including the feat of walking 8 miles 172 yards, fair heel and toe, in one hour; 50 miles in 8 hours and 19 minutes; 70 miles in 11 hours and 45 minutes; and 376 miles in 72 hours, of twelve hours per day, for six days. Griffin is to be a contestant in a fifty mile sweepstake race to be decided at the Star Grounds, Battersea, October 8.

HARRY OVERTON.

A Clever 10st Pugilist matched to Fight Tom Woolley at Birmingham.

(With Portrait.)

HARRY OVERTON, of Birmingham, will meet Tom Woolley, of Walsall, in a twelve-round contest at Curzon Hall, Birmingham, October 1, for a stake and purse. He is a clever pugilist, and though he has been beaten several times in the ring, he is well thought of by the Birmingham patrons of boxing.

— That John O'Brien is in strict training in Monmouthshire.

— That Craig is within two pounds of the prescribed weight at which he is to meet O'Brien.

— That Willie Smith and Bill Baxter have been doing a sparring turn at the Variety Theatre, Hoxton.

— That the circulation of THE MIRROR OF LIFE continues to increase every week.

— That Peter Jackson should reach London the first week in October.

— That Charley Mitchell returns to the States the last of October.

— That George Corfield, the Sheffield wonder, is entitled to a good rest before he again enters the ring.

— That George Willson, the Leicester publican, who manages George Corfield, was at one time one of the cleverest 10st men in England.

— That George Fryer, the clever retired pugilist of Nottingham, continues in bad health, and that any signs of recovery would be hailed with delight by his many admirers.

— That James Moran, of Liverpool, wants a customer at 8st 4lb, and will take on any Lancashire lad at that weight.

— That Martin Denny is still in Ireland and is ready to make a match at 9st 6lb.

— That when you wish to obtain all the latest Ring gossip and keep posted on sporting in general read THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

— That football maintains its popularity in this country, and some interesting matches are anticipated.

— That the fifty mile sweepstake walking match at the Star Grounds, Battersea, should be an interesting event, and will be well attended if the weather is favourable.

— That Charles Mawson, who appears in a sketch entitled "Heroes of the Fleet," in which Willie Smith and Bill Baxter box three rounds, is an elder brother of George Mawson; the clever steeplechase jockey.

— That Tom Sullivan, champion sculler, celebrated his 26th birthday on September 18 at the Rutland Hotel, Hammersmith.

— That Arthur Phillips has been appointed waterman to the Cambridge University Boat Club.

— That Tom Bootiman has been appointed slipper for the Lancashire coursing meetings of 1894-5.

— That J. H. Barnes and G. Elliott Brinckworth succeeded in sculling in an in-rigged skiff from Oxford to London, a distance of 100 miles, in 22hr 35min.

— That Thomas Corrigan, a famous cross-country Australian jockey, was recently killed while riding in the Grand National Steeplechase at Caulfield, near Melbourne.

— That Charles Beadling was presented with a handsome medal at Newcastle the other night because of the manner in which he defeated Lewis there recently.

— That at Percy Cottage, Newcastle, W. Mole defeated J. Tennant in the third round of a ten-round contest for a purse of £20.

— That the public will be tortured with a ten-round glove contest shortly between Jem Smith and Frank Slavin.

GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

In purchasing THE MIRROR OF LIFE you are given a Weekly Journal of which eight pages are made up solely of expensive woodcuts, the illustrations being drawn by the very best artists obtainable. It gives you incidents in an accurate and striking manner.

Our reading columns comprise spicy news such as is interesting to all classes. THE MIRROR OF LIFE will not at any time touch on the borders of immorality, because sensational news can be written in a bright way without a tendency to corrupt humankind.

We claim in pugilism to be ahead of any weekly published in any part of the world.

Our motto is at all times to be just and fearless.

TURF NOTES.

NEWMARKET, LICHFIELD, LANARK, EDINBURGH, AND WINDSOR.

THE DOUBLE EVENT.

THE WEEK'S FINALS.

THE most notable feature for the past few days has been the rapid advancement to favouritism of Opera Glass. The readers of THE MIRROR OF LIFE have been fully prepared for it, because ever since the publication of the entries this filly has been consistently advocated in these columns, and the prospect of landing the first big back-end handicap at a long shot looks most favourable; at the same time the Cambridgeshire selection has an equally attractive appearance, and all things considered the double event of

OPERA GLASS AND XURY

for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire appears the best to recommend.

The racing this week at headquarters will be interesting should Throstle be pulled out to oppose Isinglass in the big 10,000 sovs. Jockey Club Stakes, and, although great improvement has been seen in the filly since her Eclipse Stakes venture, that running will again be borne out should they meet on Thursday, for the slashing son of Isonomy and Deadlock will again evince his superiority, and credit Mr. McCalmont with this rich prize. The way is made somewhat easier because Ravensbury will not oppose, and such as Xylophone, St. Jude, Hornbeam, and Irish Wake can have no chance with the top-weight if fit and well. Son o' Mine is somewhat favoured by the weight, and Jocasta has 8lb the best of it with her stable companion Mecca, and at this difference may be the selected for duty, because the chance she possesses is shown by her running behind Throstle at even weights in the Coronation Stakes, she now being in receipt of 17lb from the St. Leger heroine. St. Florian should be preferred to Sempronius, who has 26lb less to carry than the top-weight. Hornbeam may put in an appearance, but the last-mentioned should hold him safely. To sum up in a single selection, this and last year's champion,

ISINGLASS,

will capture the Stakes.

The Newmarket October Handicap, which is one of the principal events set for decision this afternoon, may, even with a small field, provide plenty of sport ere the winner's number be hoisted; one of those in the charge of J. Day will be near winning, and Pitcher also holds a chance. Concealment is strongly fancied by those connected with her, and the impost for a five-year-old gives her an undeniable opportunity. If she can only beat the selected of the Manton trio—probably Adoration—she will be returned the winner.

Best Man, who heads the list in the Great Eastern Railway Handicap, was successful last year with 7st 5lb, and, good as he has shown himself to be, his present burden will put him out of court, and Mountain Chief, who ran second to him on that occasion, is again entered, and although the stable have Le Nicham and Medicis, The Chief, with Loates in the saddle, will be the best to follow; only in his absence would I consider the claims of Erin. Lady Hermit at this season may have returned to her old form; if it be so, the winner will be found in her, as her light weight will enable her to romp home in easy fashion. She, with Mountain Chief and Erin, will be the selected.

Chat Moss and Catkin have respective claims in the Second Nursery Handicap. Barletta, who has not yet returned her purchase money to her present owner, Mr. Worton, certainly reads likely, but Chat Moss should be well in at the finish. The Snailwell Stakes should be a good thing for Masque, who was recently tried with Persona and Lord William over five furlongs; therefore, if she can earn her expenses, she should secure the event under notice. For the Selling Stakes, Sylvanus or Tyrolean, the latter in the absence of the first-named, may give T. Loates the chance to tie with Morny on the winning list. Son o' Mine, All Gay, and Jack the Dandy, in the Forty-Sixth Triennial, should beat Match-Box, who is conceding them so much weight, and as Son o' Mine ran so uncommonly well with the latter in the Kempton Park Breeders' Produce Stakes, as a two-year-old, and was only defeated by a neck, he should be the snip of the week, and the trusted one on this occasion. The Match will be in favour of Powerscourt, and Choice or Gas for the Hopeful Stakes. On Thursday, in the Water Hall Plate, Mr. Lambton has three to represent him, and Titiens will be the best of these, and go close, Glengall next in order. In the Double Trial Plate, Taia or Boxer with Una Boat look the best of the thirty-three entered, and in this order they should finish. Lady Poll, Utica, and Dross for the Forty-seventh Triennial; and McNeil or Cheik for the Rutland Stakes. The Rous Memorial should be a good thing for Utica, with Propeller and Speedwell as written. Galiana and Wise Virgin will be the best of those contesting the First October Nursery. The meetings of Lichfield and Lanark will be in full swing to-day, where, if the following go to the post, they should be successful:—

NEWMARKET.

WEDNESDAY.

THE OCTOBER HANDICAP.

Pitcher 1
Adoration ... 2
Concealment ... 3

The Great Eastern Railway Handicap,
Lady Hermit or Mountain Chief.

Second Nursery,
Chat Moss.

The Snailwell Stakes,
Masque.

The Selling Stakes,
Sylvanus.

The Triennial Produce Stakes,
Son o' Mine or All Gay.

The Hopeful Stakes,
Choice.

LICHFIELD.

The Staffordshire Handicap,
Pantagruel.

The County Plate,
Lively Seedling.

The Farnworth Two-Year-Old',
The Restless colt.

LANARK.

The Jerviswood Plate,
Noiseless.

The Maudslie Castle Plate,
Jeanne or Vienna.

The Lee Nursery,
Attention.

The Silver Bell Handicap,
Street Singer.

Hamilton Welter,
Pendennis or Tabret.

NEWMARKET.

THURSDAY.

A Maiden Plate,
Bed Light.

The Water Hall Plate,
Titiens or Glengall.

The Double Trial Plate,
Taia.

THE JOCKEY CLUB STAKES

Isinglass 1
St. Florian ... 2
Jocasta 3

The Triennial Stakes,
Utica or Lady Poll.

The Rutland Stakes,
McNeil.

EDINBURGH.

The Sportsman Nursery,
Noah's Ark.

The Buccleuch Handicap,
Once More.

The Lothians Handicap,
Stirrup Cup.

The Levenhall Plate,
Noiseless.

The Caledonian Hunt Cup,
Son of a Gun.

The Montrose Plate,
Lady Wickham.

NEWMARKET.

FRIDAY.

The Rous Memorial Stakes,
Utica.

The Newmarket St. Leger,
None the Wiser.

The First October,
Galiana or Wise Virgin.

EDINBURGH.

The Caledonian Hunt Handicap,
Tilton or Prince Hal.

Selling Plate,
Ordeal.

The Barnbougle Nursery,
Rubershaw.

The Edinburgh Gold Cup,
Kyle.

The Hamilton Welter,
Tabret.

WINDSOR.

SATURDAY.

Curfew Handicap,
Mortaigne.

The "Merry Wives" Handicap,
Hampton Maze.

The Queen Anne's Welter,
Gold Belt or Sweet Vernal.

A Maiden Plate,
Barnstaple.

The Park Handicap,
Drogo.

CHALK.

T. Loates is now second in the jockeys list, having only increased his winning total, September 22, to 123 (three winners), and Morny Cannon (who rode seven winners) made his score 125, Finlay 73, Bradford 65, S. Loates 70, Allsopp 67, Calder 55, J. Watts 53, Chandley 46, Brown 44, White 39, Rickaby 30, Colling 28, J. Woodburn 20, C. Chaloner 19, Gough 28, G. Barrett 21, Fagan 19, Toon 17, C. Loates 17, Weldon 15, W. Pratt 14, F. Pratt 12, Wingfield 10, F. Black 10, J. Harrison 10, Armstrong 7, F. Webb 7, Madden 8, Huxtable 6, A. Watts 6, Cartledge 5, T. Garrett 5, A. Nightingall 5, E. Hunt 4, F. Park 4, Rumbold 4, C. Martin 4.

BICYCLING AND RUNNING RECORDS LOWERED.

LAST week was an exceptionally good one for record breaking, because at Waltham, Massachusetts, U.S.A., September 22, J. C. Johnson succeeded, with the aid of pacemakers, in riding on a bicycle 440 yards in 26 4-5sec, and the half-mile in 54 2-5sec.

In the twelve hours' bicycle race at Putney, promoted by Mr. Percy Litchfield, J. T. Rudham secured first, and lowered all previous records; whilst on a tricycle Steel established new records from 31 to 200 miles.

Rudham was not allowed to remain a great length of time in the front as a record breaker, because in the twelve hours race for the Anchor Shield at Herne Hill, September 22, E. E. Walters covered 258 miles 120 yards—six miles 170 yards beyond the distance recorded by Rudham. A. A. Chase was second with 257 miles 1,225 yards. Chase rode very finely, and finished two hours with a distance of 48 miles 990 yards to his credit, and just later completed 50 miles in 2 hours 3 minutes 20 3-5 seconds. A mile further on he was nearly a minute and a half in front of record, and from that point every previous best mile time was beaten. Continuing to show the way, Chase lapped the field several times, and did 72 miles 750 yards in three hours; 94 miles 580 yards in four hours; 114 miles 900 yards in five hours; and 134 miles 700 yards in the half-time. Walters was in third position with 132 miles, but gradually commenced to overhaul the leaders, securing first place at the end of the 161st mile. Chase being unable to spurt, Walters speedily obtained a big advantage, and at nine hours had about two miles in hand of Schwemmer, who in turn had passed Chase, the distance of the leader being 195 miles 1,440 yards. Chase regained second place after 200 miles, but though he made a gallant struggle in the last hour, and got within two laps of the foremost man, he could never catch Walters, who won with a distance of 258 miles 120 yards.

Whilst the bicycling record was being lowered at Herne Hill, George Crossland, the Northern and National cross-country running champion, was wiping out record time in a 20-mile scratch running race at Stamford Bridge Grounds. The entries for the 20-mile race included George Crossland, W. Saward, T. Bartlett, E. W. Hart, Sid Thomas, H. Watkins, C. Pearce, and fourteen others. R. J. Moran, of the Salford Harriers, made the running for the first five miles, but then retired, Watkins assuming the lead, closely followed by Sid Thomas and Crossland. Thomas, however, fell back just before eight miles had been covered, and for the remainder of the journey contented himself with pacing several of the leading men in turn. Pearce, Northampton, had had sufficient at little better than eight miles, several of the lesser lights having already abandoned the contest. From the time when Moran retired to the finish, Crossland led the field, and at ten miles had got 1min 26 2-5sec inside Morton's time for a similar distance in his 20 miles record race in March, 1890. Watkins, who had been running second for nearly three miles, gave up at 15½ miles, Saward, of the Essex Beagles, taking his place. At 16 miles (1hr 28min 46sec) Crossland established a new record, and so continued to the finish, his time for the 20 miles being 1hr 51min 54sec, as against Morton's previous best of 1hr 52min 51 2-5sec. Saward's time for the distance, 2hr 3min 45 2-5sec; Bartlett's, 2hr 6min 4-5sec. Appended are a list of record times established by Crossland:—16 miles, 1hr 28min 46sec; 17 miles, 1hr 34min 27sec; 18 miles, 1hr 40min 10sec; 19 miles, 1hr 46min; 20 miles, 1hr 51min 54sec. With a view to annexing the two hours' record Crossland continued on for a mile before leaving the track.

Considering the state of the weather, and a heavy track, the performance of Crossland is a most remarkable one, and had he gone through for the two hours he could no doubt have placed to his credit a distance of at least 21½ miles.

STAGE GOSSIP.

WE ARE INFORMED

— That "A Gaiety Girl" is a great success in New York, and gives promise of an extended run at Daly's Theatre there.

* * *

— That an extraordinary outrage was perpetrated at the Blackburn Theatre Royal, September 18. During the performance of "A Gaiety Girl" a well-dressed woman swung open the doors of the promenade round the dress circle and made a dash past the doorkeeper. He seized her, but she upset him, and running to the circle hurled a brick, which she had concealed under her cloak, right into crowded seats, striking a gentleman heavily on the back. A scene of great excitement followed. The offender was given into custody.

* * *

— That Mr. H. Tripp Edgar will reopen Toole's Theatre, September 29, producing the farce comedy "A Trip to Chinatown."

* * *

— That Madame Patti has had so many tempting offers from abroad this winter that she has had great difficulty in deciding which to accept. At last she has signed contracts to sing a certain number of nights in opera at Nice shortly after Christmas, and later on to appear at concerts in Germany and Austria.

* * *

— That Mrs. Langtry has arranged to make another American tour. She will start early in November for a season of sixteen weeks, during which time she will play in the principal towns in the States. Mrs. Langtry will this time manage her business herself. She has engaged a London company, and her chief piece will be Mr. Edward Rose's "Agatha Tylden."

* * *

— That Miss Lillian Russell has been declared by Americans to be the finest formed actress on the stage, and in consequence of a voting contest the New York *Illustrated News* will present the fair Lillian with a jewelled garter.

* * *

— That Miss Violet Cameron is to appear at the Empire in October.

* * *

— That the latest novelty in dancing which is about to be introduced into London from Paris is a mirror with the edges concealed and placed above the performer, covering the whole top of the stage. A powerful electric light is thrown upon the dancer, who on the mirror overhead appears to be dancing in the air, her head, of course, downwards.

* * *

— That Dorothy Hanbury, who is now appearing at the Palace Theatre, is one of the cleverest child vocalists and dancers on the stage.

* * *

— That after the clerical intolerance to which we have been treated lately, it is quite refreshing to find the Rev. C. Lee, M.A., at Bilston, last week, making a presentation to a juvenile actor who is travelling with Mr. and Mrs. Battersby's Opera Company. The lad had formerly been a chorister at the church where the reverend gentleman officiates.

* * *

— That the Duke of Cambridge last week paid a visit to Sheffield to see Captain Boynton's bullet-proof shield, which is described as entirely new. It appears, however, that Captain Fowler has been exhibiting a similar article for some time past.

* * *

— That Leith St. Clair's new illusion, entitled "An Aerial Flight," was produced at the South London Palace on Monday last.

* * *

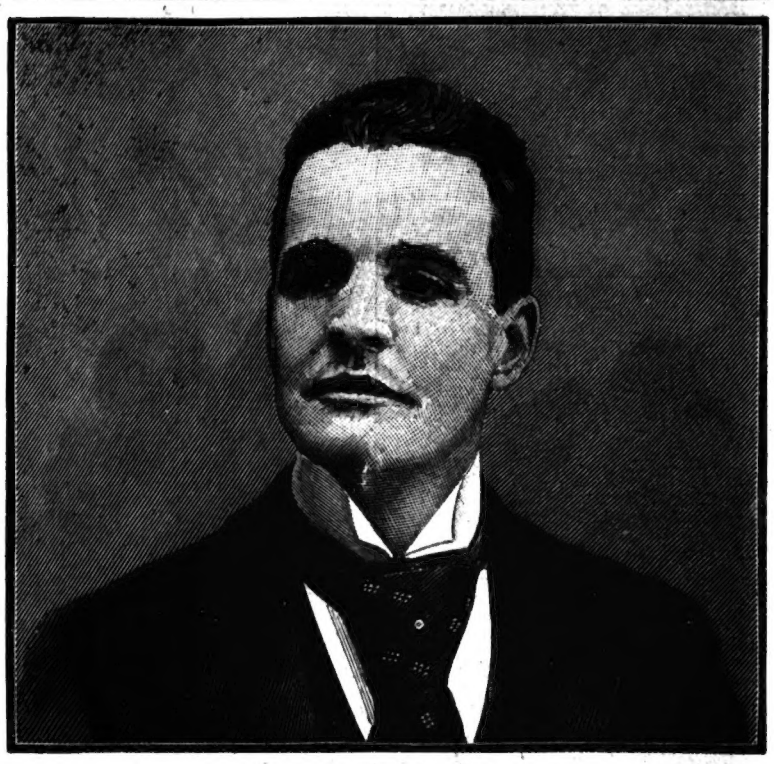
— That accidents have been rife amongst the profession lately, the following artistes having received injuries more or less serious: Ernest De Vere, H. H. Hurley, Little Chip, and Harry Ewings. It is satisfactory to state they are all progressing favourably.

* * *

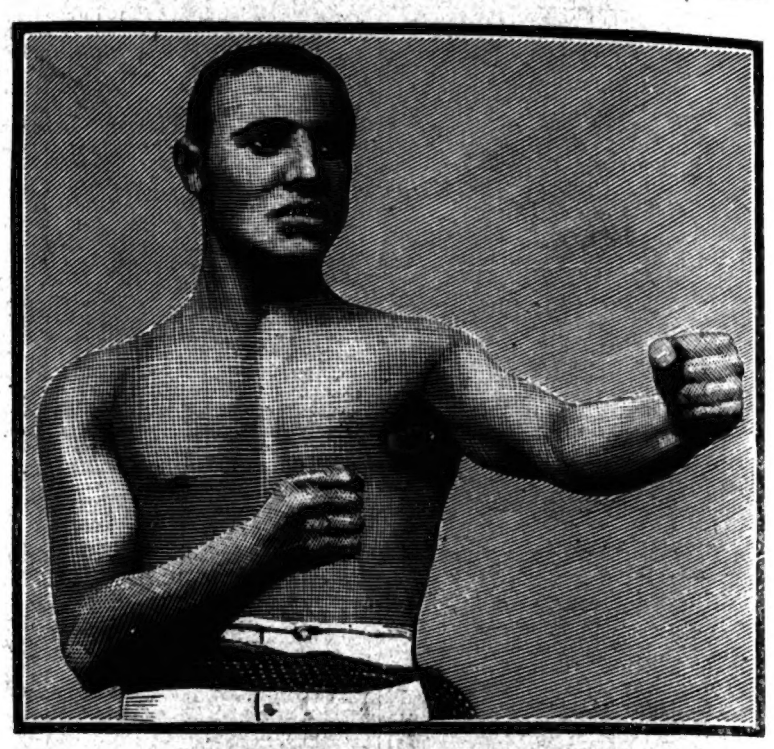
— That it is with the deepest regret we have to record the death of Mrs. Coleno, wife of Tom Coleno, of Nottingham. Mrs. Coleno was well known and much respected, and will be greatly missed by her large circle of friends.

* * *

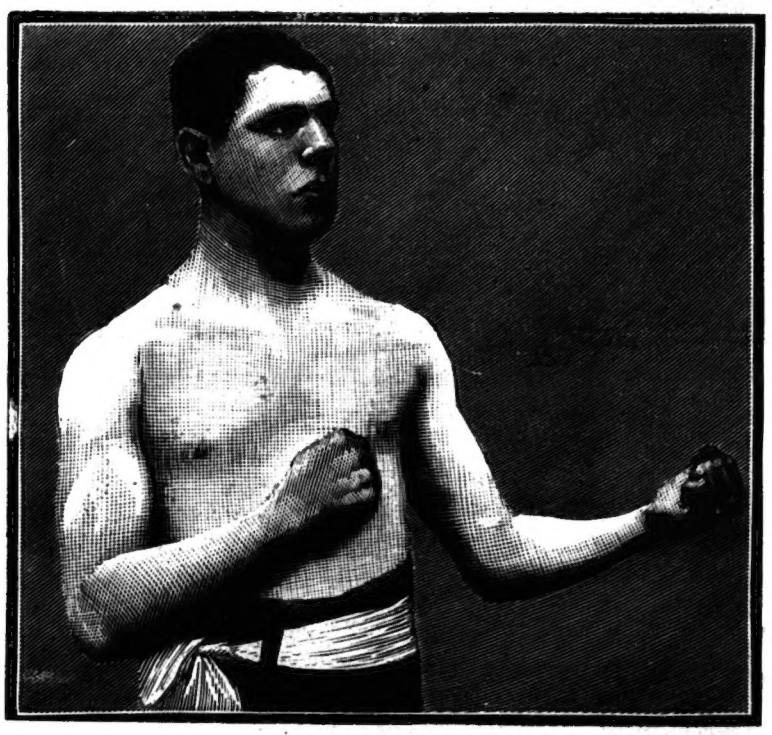
— That Serpentello, the well-known contortionist, writes to say he is not dead, as reported in some quarters. In fact, he states that he has never enjoyed better health than at the present time.



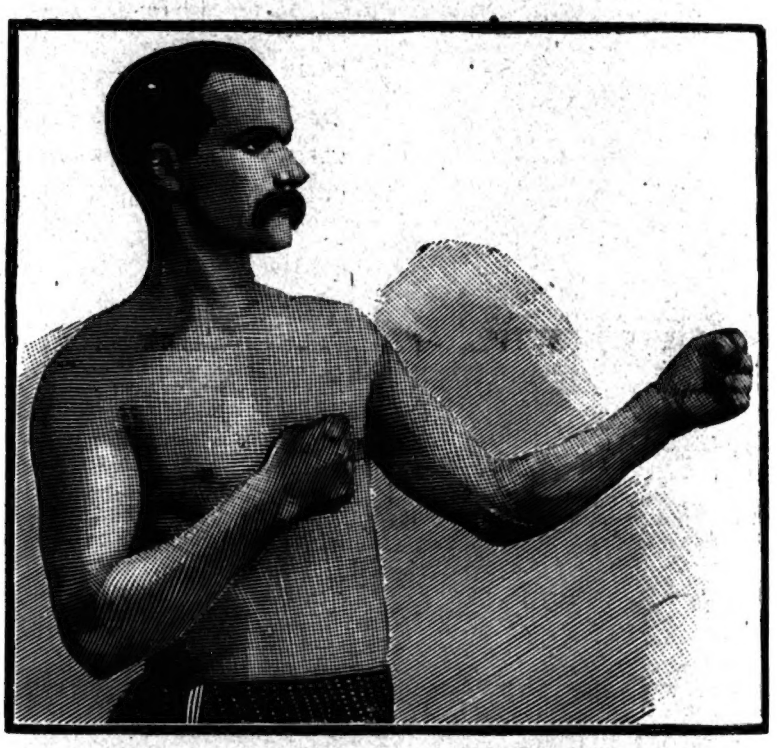
R. G. KNOWLES.
The Music-Hall Artist who is to Appear at Toole's Theatre in "A Trip to Chinatown."



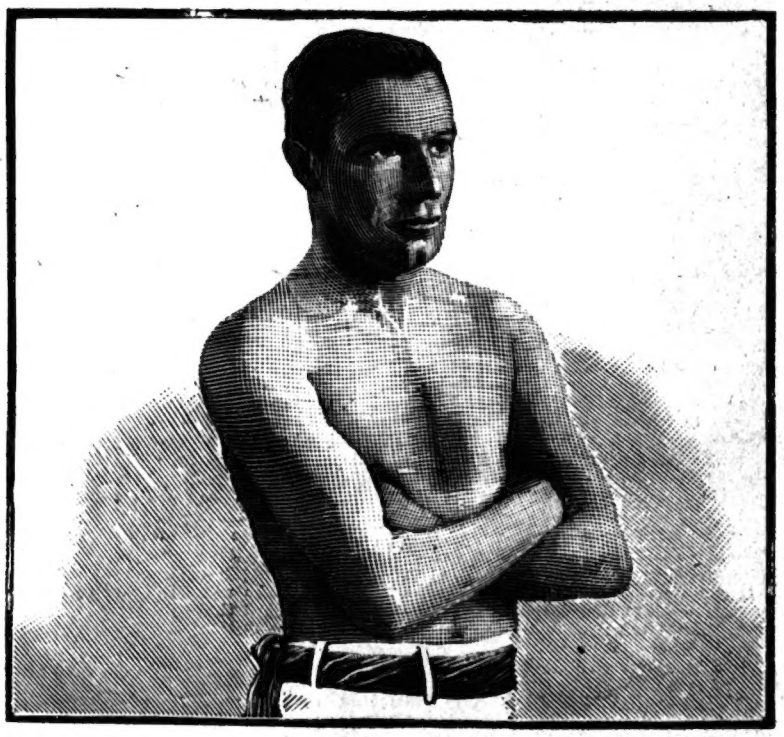
"PORDEY" McCARTHY.
A Cardiff Pugilist who Seeks a Battle with Sam Thomas.



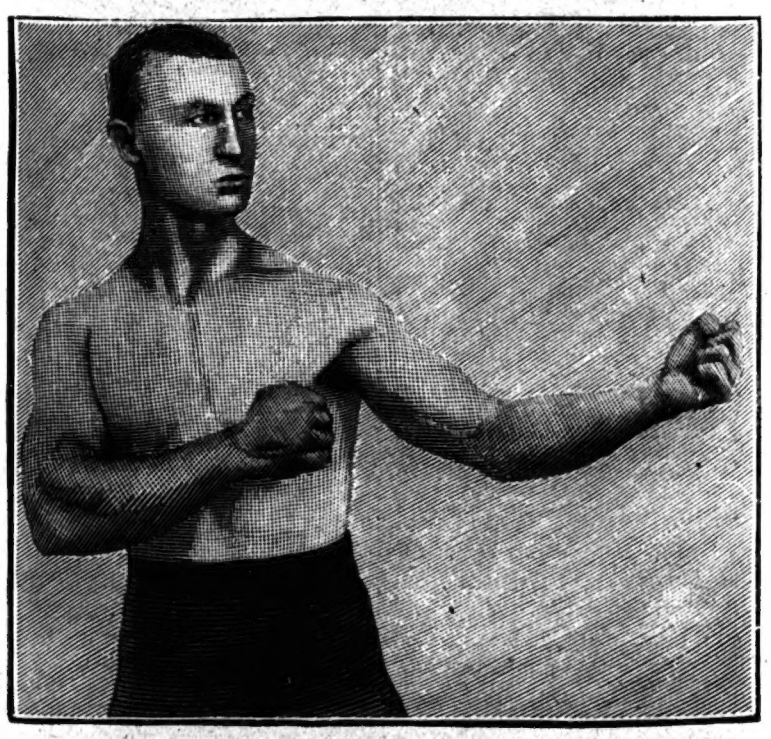
HARRY OVERTON.
A Clever 10st Pugilist Matched to Fight Tom Woolley at Birmingham.



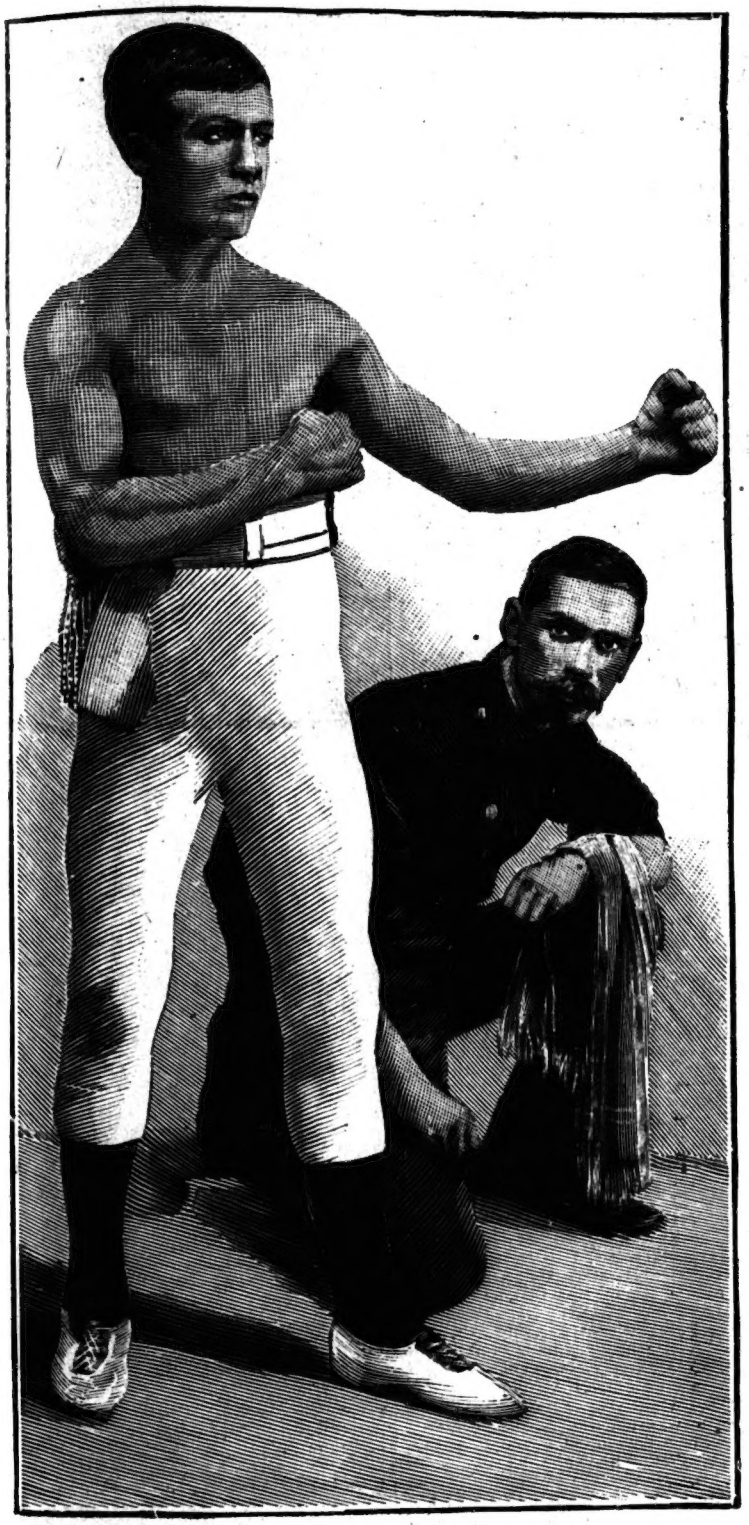
JOE CRAIG, OF BELFAST.
A Clever Middle-weight Pugilist who is Champion of Ulster.



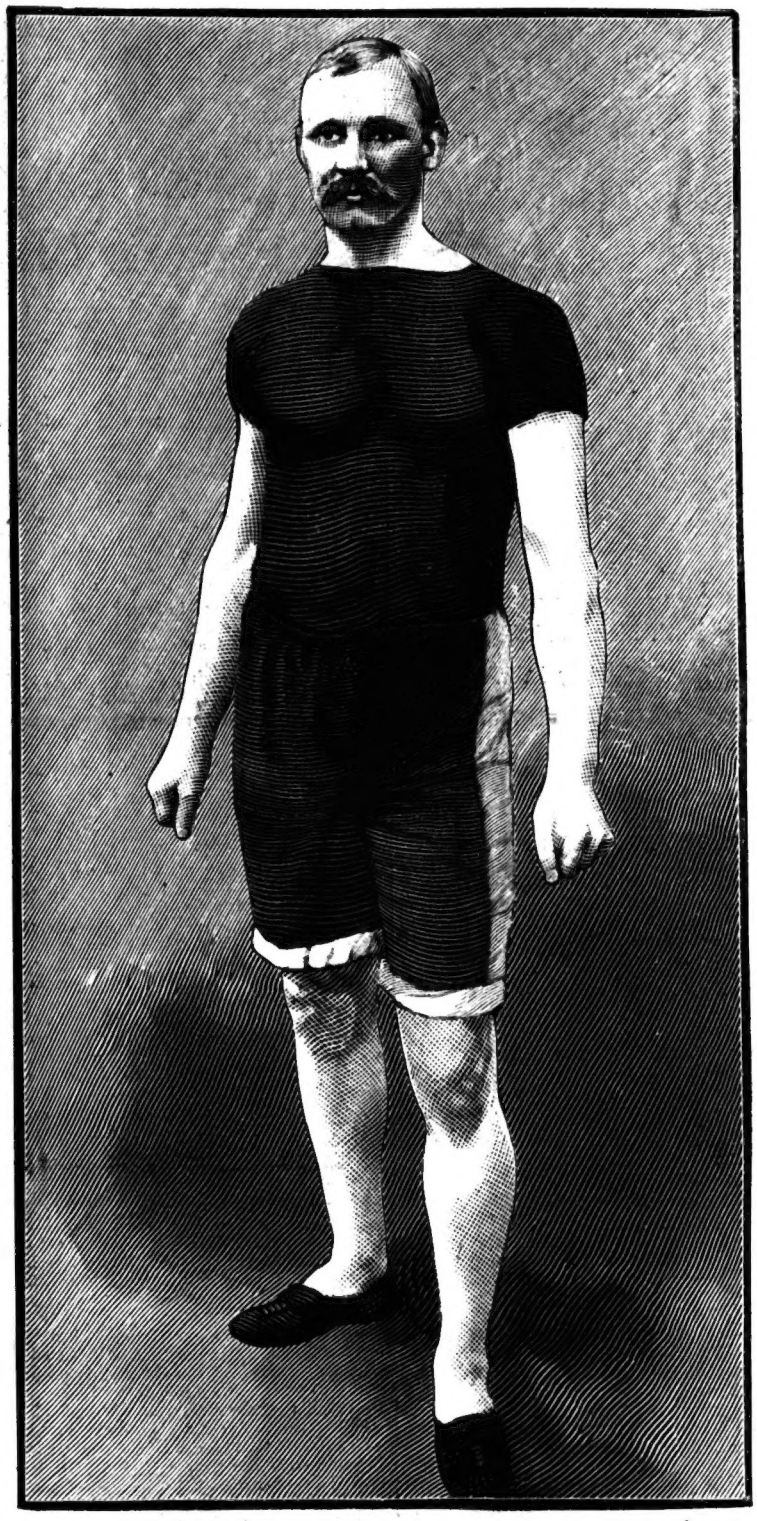
GOODY YORK.
A Colchester Lad who is a Determined Fighter and a Thorough Game 'Un.



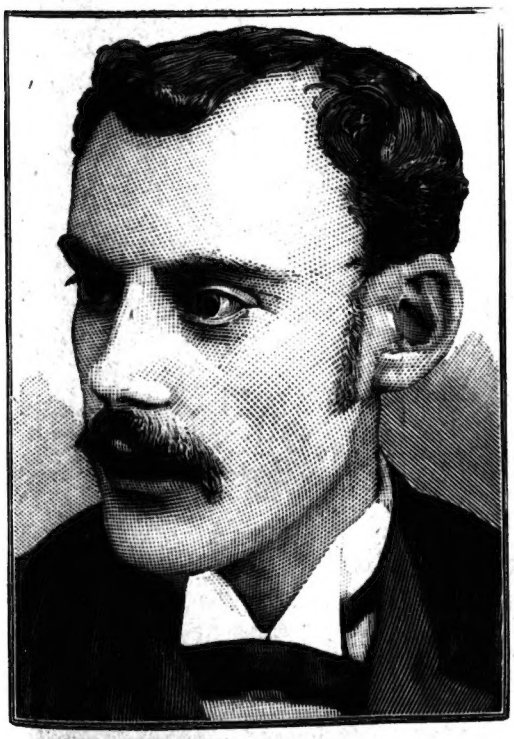
ALF HANLON.
A Manchester Pugilist who is Performing Well in the States.



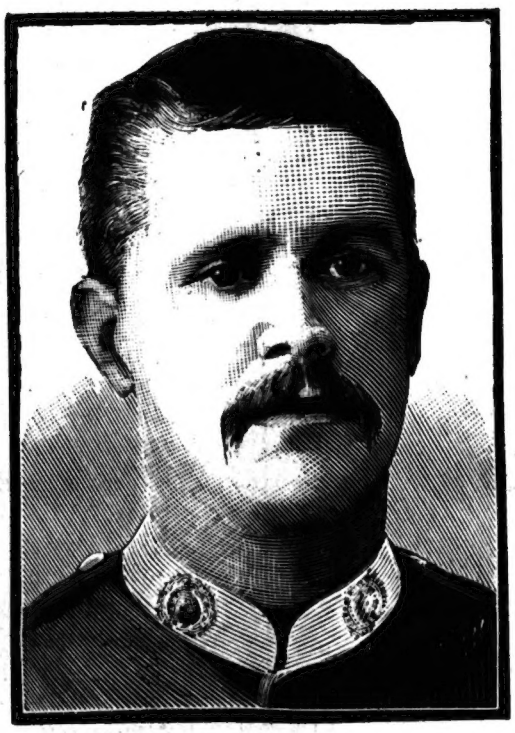
JAMES MORAN, OF LIVERPOOL.
An 8st 4lb Pugilist who is Prepared to Fight any Lad in Lancashire at Even Weight.



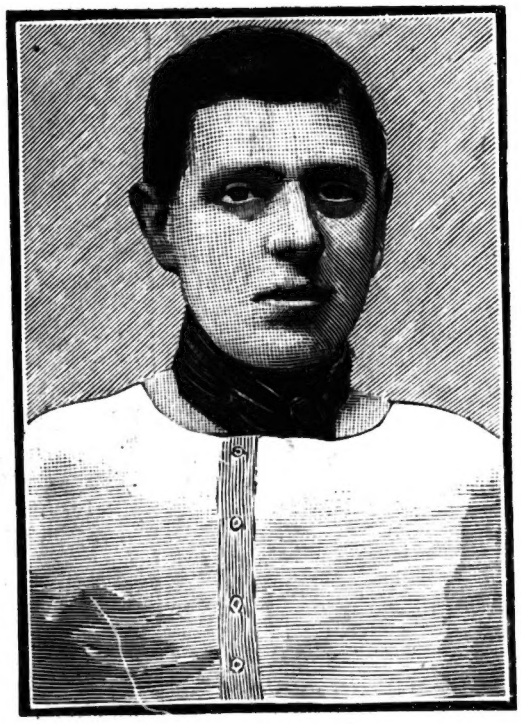
GEORGE GRANT.
The Edinburgh Athlete who is Champion Short Distance Runner of Scotland.



EDWIN ROBERT HARDIE.
A Tonsorial Artist who has Shaved Ten Men in 6min. 40sec.



SERGEANT R. W. MOGFORD.
Gymnastic Instructor at the Royal Naval School at Eltham.



WILLIAM GRIFFIN.
A North Londoner who was a Famous Walker.

International Battle.

Both Men Training.

O'Brien Reducing in Weight.

Craig's Confidence.

Pedlar Palmer's Form.

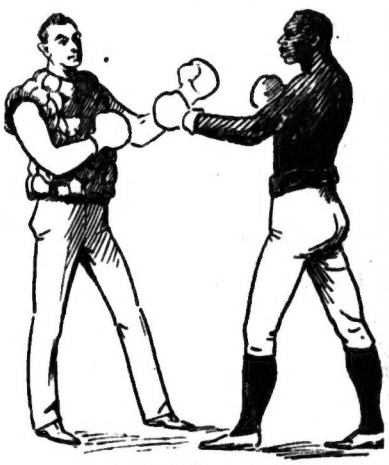
Matched with Stanton.

Important Matches Arranged.

BARRING a chance blow, the contest between John O'Brien, the Welsh champion, and Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, coloured champion, set for decision at the National Sporting Club, Monday, October 8, will be a hard fought one and well worth witnessing. We know O'Brien's capacity for taking punishment, and realise he is a useful customer when in good condition. That he is sparing no time in reducing himself to the prescribed middle-weight limit is evident from a letter we received from our correspondent in Monmouthshire, where the pugilist is undergoing careful preparation. He is up at an early hour in the morning, and between a lot of road work and punching the ball he puts his entire time up to sundown. He is aware of the fact that he has a difficult job before him, and proposes getting in the best possible form by the second Monday in October. Owing to the superfluous weight he was carrying it has been necessary for him to do a great deal of heavy work, which he does without a murmur.

* * *

THE Coffee Cooler is down to 11st 6lb, and after one more week he will resort to more gentle exercise. It is an amusing sight to watch him in his set-tos daily with Denny Butler in their gymnasium at Eltham.



Butler Wears a Pad

about his body, because the coloured champion delivers heavily with both hands, and being so much heavier than his trainer it has a tendency to destroy the effects of the body blows. Craig has come here well recommended by some good judges, and more especially by Prof. Mike Donovan, who believes he can defeat any middle-weight in the world barring Bob Fitzsimmons. Speculation has already begun on the probable result, and by the time both men enter the ring and don the 4oz gloves a considerable amount of money will be pending on the match.

* * *

PEDLAR PALMER is to meet Ernest Stanton in a twenty-round battle at the National Sporting Club, Monday, October 15, for a purse and a side bet. Take him in a battle "off the reel" Palmer is a most formidable customer, and one of the busiest and most useful lads that ever donned the mits, but when he is carefully trained and put in the ring for a fight he appears somewhat bewildered. In Ernest Stanton he will find a rugged lad and a hard hitter. Unless Palmer performs in better fashion than he did with Bill Mortimer it will be slight odds on one lad, and the favourite will hardly be the Pedlar. He has been fortunate in not coming in contact with a lad who could take a considerable amount of gruel and at the same time deliver effectively with both hands. Stanton is well thought of, not only for his ability to take a lot of beating, but to serve out powerful medicine, and for that reason he should be well backed on this occasion.

* * *

JOHNNY BOYLE, of Glasgow, will get in the best possible condition for his battle with Tom Williams, which occurs at the National Sporting Club on October 29. In taking on the Australian the Scotch lad concedes several pounds in weight, because he can mill at 9st 7lb and be strong. The Glasgow sports, however, place a lot of confidence in their favourite, and should he come out victorious they will reap a harvest on their investment. Williams will train at Aldershot under the direction of Tom Burrows, the all-round athlete.

* * *

WRITING from Chicago, a correspondent says:—"The Sioux City Athletic Club's offer is by no means a genuine one, and if Jackson fights Corbett there the black will not receive fair play; in fact, he won't have a ghost of a chance to win. Corbett has a lot of friends and acquaintances in Sioux City with whom he is hand and glove. They scheme it so that Jim knows at once just what moves the Athletic Club is about to make. He agrees to everything, of course, because he gives his consent before the matter is made public. Jackson is not consulted at all, and his opinion is canvassed only after the public has had a chance to pass theirs upon it. In that way it is made to appear that Corbett is consumed with a desire to fight under any conditions, while his prospective opponent must do all the objecting, and in that way bring himself into disrepute with the public.

"It is nothing more or less than a repetition of the sharp Brady-like tactics adopted by the chap with the pompadour prior to his battle with Mitchell. Nobody ever heard of Corbett refusing to agree to anything in the arrangement of the preliminaries for that contest. No, he simply laid back, well satisfied that the Englishman, none too popular in this country at any time, would make himself still more disliked by quibbling over the conditions of the ring, referee, purse, side-bet, and all else. Corbett and Brady knew well that Mitchell would hold out only for what was right from his point of view, and thus they, too, got the benefit of the disputed point by giving way to Mitchell when the time came. Outsiders of the general public would declare that Mitchell was acting cowardly in arguing with the club over details, while Corbett—why, he would agree to anything, so anxious was he to whip the Briton.

"The present affair with Jackson is exactly a parallel case. If the black antipodean treats with the Sioux City people, make up your mind to it that he will have to do all the arranging, and Corbett will laugh down under his collar-button in full satisfaction that he will be made more popular with the people, who will declare that if Jackson really thought seriously of fighting he would do less talking about it, after the fashion of the champion. It may show business sagacity in the Corbett camp, but it is unmanly, low down, underhanded, and calculated to seriously injure the game in every way."

* * *

JEM GOUGH and Neil Dockery, lads scaling 8st 4lb each, disputed the ownership of £35 at Birmingham, September 17. Gough held an advantage up to the end of the third round, but after that Dockery, with some fine body work, gradually assumed a lead, which he kept fairly well up to the eleventh round. Gough then used his left to good effect, but in Dockery he met a most determined fighter, who would not be stalled off. Gough was evidently waiting to bring of a knock-out, and his patience was rewarded in the fourteenth round, as with a hard and well-judged right he brought his opponent to the floor. Dockery failed to get on his feet wishin the stipulated ten seconds, and was duly counted out. Thus ended one of the best conducted and most determined glove fights ever witnessed in Birmingham of late years. H. E. Cleveland was referee.

* * *

FRED JOHNSON, of Hackney, wants to get on a fight to occur in October. He consents to take on Morgan Crowther or Jack Fitzpatrick at 8st 8lb for any part of £200 a-side and a purse.

* * *

THE proprietor of the Bolingbroke Club is determined to bring about an important fistic engagement—that is if offering liberal purse money will tend towards accomplishing his object. He pledges a purse of £200 for a battle between Arthur Valentine and Stanton Abbott or Joe Walcott, and will concede reasonable expenses to the visiting pugilist. He contemplates inducing one or two prominent men to come here from the States to meet English boxers at even weights.

* * *

FRANK HINDE announces a boxing carnival, to cover a period of six days, at the Central Hall, Holborn, commencing October 15.

ACCORDING to the articles signed by Harry Greenfield and Tom Causer the men are to weigh in at 9st on the day of fighting, and to box the best of twenty rounds on October 5.

* * *

JIMMY GORMAN, of New York City, announces his willingness to take on any 7st 4lb lad in England for £200 a-side and a purse, and the following day the following candidates came forward to take Gorman on:—Alf Buckingham, of Bloomsbury; George Beach, of Wood Green; Albert Gould; Tom Gorrie, of Somers Town; and Mike Small, of Holloway. It is claimed that a £100 purse will be offered for the match which Gorman participates in, and as that appears pretty good money for little 'uns to battle for, our talent probably wish to get their fingers on to the loser's end of the purse. Pedlar Palmer is the lad who should take Gorman on, and if he does he should defeat the American, because Gorman has never shown himself a wonder at his weight amongst the fighters on the other side of the pond.

* * *

IT looks as though Frank Slavin will journey to South Africa to meet Owen Sullivan, an Australian, in a glove fight in public. A cable was received the other day to the effect that they would draw a £1,500 house for such a contest, and Slavin has expressed his willingness to go there providing £100 is forthcoming to defray his expenses.

* * *

PUNCH VAUGHAN, of Liverpool, and Alf Balmer, of Warrington, were to have fought with small gloves at Tom Gill's Rooms, in Liverpool, September 17, but Balmer evidently thought better of the job he had agreed to take on, and neglected to put in an appearance, causing the proposed fight to fizzle out.

* * *

HARRY YOUNG, of Camberwell, and Dummy Smith, of Peckham, met at Hollier's Gymnasium in Peckham the other night to slug each other for six rounds, but Smith found so much gruel falling his way in the third round that he pulled off the gloves and professed a desire to finish the fight with bare knuckles. This, of course, was not allowed, and Young got the verdict.

* * *

ARTHUR BOBBETT was tendered a benefit at the Red Cross Gymnasium, Bethnal Green, September 17, when Jack Foxhall and Bill King essayed to contest six rounds. Foxhall made matters disagreeably warm for King, who turned up the job in the middle of the third round.

* * *

AT Torquay Police Court, Alfred Wright, boxing booth owner, and Tom Rooney, coloured pugilist, were charged with the manslaughter of William Payne. The evidence at the inquest was that, at Torquay Regatta, Payne, when drunk, boxed in Wright's booth with Wright and Rooney, and in another booth with a man named Aggett. In each case he was knocked down and became senseless. All the witnesses said the boxing was quite fair, and no advantage was taken of deceased's condition. Some days after Payne went to a doctor, who found him suffering from acute meningitis. He died the same night. The medical evidence was that death was the result of meningitis, caused by the blows. A verdict was returned to this effect, "but by whom the blows were given was not known."

* * *

BILL DAY promoted a series of glove contests at the Goodwin Gymnasium, September 17. In a bout limited to six rounds, Ernest Pickard displayed a decided advantage over C. Butler, of Shoreditch, and was given the award. In eight-round battles, G. Morris, of Kingsland, mastered Alf. Bunn, of Hoxton, whilst Joe Jones, of Hackney, lost to W. Hines, of Homerton.

* * *

THE features of the boxing show promoted by Billy Mitchell at North Middlesex Hall, Edmonton, September 17, consisted of three battles, limited to eight rounds each. Jack Saunders, of Stamford Hill, and Gus Beaumont, of Edmonton, did some lively work for two rounds, but in the third round Saunders received a right-hander on the jaw he failed to relish, and gracefully retired in favour of Beaumont. Dick Parks, of Tottenham, was too clever for Arthur Gooch, of Wood Green, and in the contest between Jack Hughes, of Edmonton, and Charley Haycock, of Stamford Hill, the Edmonton lad secured the verdict.

* * *

AN 8st 4lb competition was boxed to a decision at the Camden Gymnasium, Walthamstow, September 15. In the trial bouts Dick Curtis, of New Cross, beat Harry Tilly, of Somers Town, and Darkey Wilkins drew a bye, which he sparred with Jim Grady. Jack Turner, of Hackney, beat W. Price, of Shoreditch, and George Humphreys, of Walthamstow, disposed of Jack Roberts, of Islington. Curtis beat Turner in the second series. Wilkins withdrew, and Humphreys boxed a bye. He declined to fight the final with Curtis, who was awarded first in the competition.

* * *

THOMAS BELL, of Liverpool, has displayed considerable ability as a trainer and second of fighting men, and to him is due a great deal of credit for bringing James Moran in the front ranks of 8st 4lb lads of Yorkshire. A portrait of Mr. Bell is shown on page 9, in the act of kneeling behind his protégé Moran.

* * *

JAMES MORAN, of Liverpool, and T. Wallace, of Warrington, are matched to box the best of twenty rounds in Liverpool in October for a stake. The men are restricted to 8st 4lb each in weight, with the understanding that a concession of 4lb be allowed.

* * *

THIS is indeed a year of surprises. In January we had Mitchell palmed off on the Yankees as a champion, and it was followed up by Corbett being allowed to fight in the foullest possible manner in order to defeat a man he should dispose of with one hand. That prepared us to resist the shock of Corbett's refusal to fight Peter Jackson in England, even if the Castle at Windsor was offered as a prize. Slavin's challenge to the world we regarded as a bit of bunkum, and the acceptance on the part of Pony Moore, on behalf of an unknown, as a clever advertising dodge, with honours pretty evenly distributed.

* * *

FOR heaven's sake! Will wonders ever cease? Jem Smith looms up like one from the grave and announces his intention of engaging in a ten-round contest with Frank Slavin. What an attractive affair that would be to see two bygones meet in a battle. When we write of Smith we imagine we can hear the bones of old Tom Sayers rattling in their coffin, aching to decry the modern English heavy-weights. When Smith first attained prominence his followers were loud in their cries of a newly-found champion, and wined and dined the East-ender. In appearance he was a Hercules, but so badly muscle bound that he couldn't deliver with any speed. He met Jake Kilrain, who was far from being a champion, and had the latter been well handled Smith must have been defeated. Slavin was not allowed to whip him because of Smith's following, whilst Peter Jackson and Ted Pritchard both took down his number. Pritchard was beaten by Hall, and Hall was easily conquered by Fitzsimmons. How long would Smith stand up as a chopping-block before Fitz? It would be long odds that Smith would never land a blow on Fitz, and still with such a limited amount of milling capacity he talks now of coming out as a pugilist and take on Slavin. It is a certainty those who know anything about pugilism couldn't be hired to attend such a contest, even if it occurred within a stone's throw of their residences.

* * *

THREE glove contests were decided at the Assembly Rooms, Leytonstone, the other night. Harry Callam, of Earlsfield, and Joe Lambert, of Soho, were the first couple to do battle, and their limit was set down for eight rounds. Both fought in a most determined fashion, Callam securing the upper hand after the first two rounds. In the fifth round Lambert was badly punished, and finding his chances of winning were rapidly disappearing he wisely retired.

Bill Hoad, of Peckham, and Dick Edwards, of Canning Town, were booked for a twelve-round bout. It was a pretty even match for the first six rounds, when Hoad displayed signs of distress. Edwards lost no time in following up his advantage, and landed a right-hander on the jaw, which brought Hoad down. He arose, only to be again knocked down. After receiving three such greetings Hoad was counted out. Amos Phippin, of Shoreditch, and Charley Smith, of the Borough, boxed through eight rounds, with advantages in favour of Phippin, who got the award.

* * *

PATSEY SULLIVAN and Ted Euston are to box the best of twelve rounds at the Bermondsey School of Arms, October 1, for £10.

* * *

WE are pleased to learn that the clever and popular promoter of boxing sport, Bob Habbijam, has recovered from his recent illness, and is again in harness. Bob will promote a contest of twenty rounds between Darkey Edwards and Jem Evans for £25 a-side and a purse, to occur October 19. The men are to fight at 8st, give or take a pound. Habbijam promises to bring together some first-class men at his gymnasium in Newman Street during the coming season, and it is needless to say that he will be well patronised by gentlemen who appreciate looking at the "coves wot mill."

* * *

A BOXING entertainment was given at the Gauntlet Gymnastic Club in London, September 20. In an 8st amateur competition, W. Scott, of St. Luke's, disposed of J. Spence in the final bout. Bob Beal and G. Green, both club members, boxed eight rounds, which were much in favour of Beal, who was given the verdict. In a professional contest of eight rounds C. Newport held the master hand over W. Guchen.

* * *

LACHIE THOMSON, the Scotch champion, found a master in Jim Murphy, an Australian light-weight, in a limited round contest at Johannesburg, South Africa, recently, and finding there was no chance of money or honours in sight in that country he shortly after the contest departed for this country.

HONEST SPORTS.

THE tonsorial artists who desire to contend for THE MIRROR OF LIFE trophy, emblem of the world's championship at rapid and clean shaving, held a meeting at our offices, 108, Fleet Street, E.C., Thursday, September 20, to complete the details necessary to bring the competition to a decision. Jack Gorman, of Stepney, was unable to attend, but sent word that he was prepared to contend providing the arrangements made were of a satisfactory nature. Those present included James Rymer, the marvel of Mile End; Peter Moss, of Camberwell Road; the Continental champion; Robert George Hardie, of Notting Hill Gate, winner of several important matches; Tom Steele, the Bethnal Green Pet; Edward Robert Hardie, of Bow; Maurice Cohen, of Mile End; and several friends who are interested in the affair.

* * *

As the entry lists showed six experts desirous of disputing honours for the trophy, it was mutually agreed that instead of each man performing upon twenty-five subjects per night the limit should be placed at ten men. It was decided that the competition should begin on Monday, October 29, and continue on every Thursday and Monday thereafter for six nights. The articles, as revised, stipulate that each man shaved will be timed separately, and in the event of a contestant "cutting" a subject he shall lose the time he consumes on that subject. The contest will not only be of an interesting character from a competitive point of view, but will be decidedly amusing to those who attend. It is a matter of conjecture how the subjects will fare, but as each of the contestants professes to be able to do rapid work without injury to the subjects, it is reasonably safe to predict that there will not be a great amount of blood spilt. Providing suitable arrangements can be made the Royal Aquarium will be engaged for the six nights, but should it be necessary or advisable to secure a different location, then Beaumont Hall, in Mile End, will be the scene of the first two nights' struggle, and the other four nights will be divided between Camberwell and Notting Hill Gate districts. Within a week the location will be decided upon, and every arrangement will be made to create one of the most interesting shaving competitions ever promoted.

* * *

WE regret to state that Robert George Hardie, the gentlemanly tonsorial artist of Notting Hill Gate, was the victim of a cowardly assault the other night which came near being of a serious nature. It appears that whilst he was departing from one of his establishments a ruffian, after insulting him, attempted to serve Hardie out with a thrashing. The boot, however, pinched the wrong foot, because Hardie set about the ruffian, and was pummelling him about in handsome style when the wretch whipped out a knife and stabbed Hardie in the head, inflicting an ugly scalp wound. He at once sought medical aid, and the wound is gradually healing up.

* * *

J. T. RUDHAM succeeded in not only winning the twelve hours' bicycle race on the cement track at Putney, September 21, but lowered the best British records by covering 248 miles 1,006 yards within the stipulated time. Of the nineteen competitors Rudham, Sultzberger, Atkinson, and Earl had most to do with filling the foremost places, Rudham invariably leading. He covered 50 miles in 2 hr 12min 32 2-5sec; 100 miles in 4hr 31min 32 2-5sec; 150 miles in 7hr 2min 54 4-5sec; and at 190 miles, in 8hr 59min 11 1-5sec, got in front of Shorland's records for the first time, the latter's figures for a like distance standing at 49 3-5sec, slower time than Rudham's. The latter's 200 miles occupied 9hr 28min 20 3-5sec, and, although he was then behind record again, he was once more in front sixteen miles further on. Meanwhile Steel had been, beating tricycle records wholesale, all the following constituting fresh records—viz. 31 miles, 1hr 29min 7 1-5sec; 50 miles, 2hr 27min 45 2-5sec; 100 miles, 4hr 58min 33 4-5sec; 150 miles, 7hr 53min 4 1-5sec; and 200 miles, 10hr 42min 42sec. The competition did not pass off without accident, G. Warrington, New Wimbledon Club, falling in the fortieth mile and breaking his collar-bone, whilst D. R. Weigel, of the North Road Club, fell near the end of the ninth hour and cut his eye. The order of finishing was as follows: J. T. Rudham, Putney A.C. (safety), 251 miles 1,710 yards (beating Hurst's world's record of 250 miles 625 yards and Shorland's British record of 248 miles 1,006 yards), 1; R. J. Atkinson, Surrey Bicycle Club (safety), 239 miles 80 yards, 2; A. O. Earl, North Road Club (safety), 234 miles 1,360 yards, 3; J. Parsley, Peckham and Surrey Wheelers (safety), 230 miles 1,250 yards, 4; G. Menjean, Catford C.C. (safety), 230 miles 860 yards, 5, Ernest Steel, North Road (tricycle), 223 miles 1,084 yards, beating F. T. Bidlake's world's tricycle record of 220 miles 1,100 yards. Messrs. H. J. Swindley and T. D. Dutton (both of the N.C.U.) took the times.

* * *

THE visit of the Prince of Wales's cutter Britannia to the Mediterranean last spring undoubtedly gave a greatly added interest to the Riviera races, and it seems probable that her presence during the forthcoming season, along with several other representative English yachts, will cause the racing there to assume a much more attractive character than on any previous occasion. It is announced that Mr. Gould intends to send the Vigilant out, and it is likely that America will be further represented by at least one more flyer.

* * *

FIRST-CLASS cricket for the season of 1894 was concluded on September 19 in a highly satisfactory fashion. Few more enjoyable matches have been witnessed throughout the campaign than that between the Gentlemen and Players of the South, and it was with general regret that the habitués of Lord's turned their backs on the famous enclosure. The batting of Abel and Brockwell, the two Surrey professionals, was worthy of the pair who stand at the head of the professional batsmen of the year, their hitting and defence being alike admirable. The season has been notorious for its uncricket-like weather, and the genial conditions under which the play was watched by a crowd of 5,000 spectators were in consequence the more appreciated.

* * *

THE English team of cricketers have started for Australia. The tour is being undertaken under the auspices of the Melbourne and Sydney Associations, and the opening match will be played at Adelaide, commencing November 9. The cricketers comprising the team are as follow:

A. E. Stoddart, Middlesex; F. G. J. Ford, Middlesex; H. Philipson, late Oxford University; L. H. Gay, Somersetshire; A. C. Maclaren, Ward (A.), and Briggs, Lancashire; Peel and J. T. Brown, Yorkshire; Humphreys, Sussex; and Richardson, Lockwood, and Brockwell, Surrey.

The team expect to be back in England by the second week in May.

The colours for cap and scarf are a background of dark blue with a narrow band of light blue, red, and white. This combines the colours of Melbourne and Sydney, the two bodies under whose auspices the tour is undertaken, and which are respectively dark blue, red and white, and light blue.

* * *

At Herne Hill, J. Platt-Betts, Catford and London County, beat the one-mile record, for all types of machines, on September 21. He covered half a mile in one minute and a mile in 2min 1 3-5sec as against Watson and Thistleton's tandem record of 2min 2sec, and A. W. Harris's safety record of 2min 4 1-5sec. Elijah Scott beat the unpaced mile record by 1 1-5sec, doing 2min 17 1-5sec. T. Osborne also beat the standing quarter-mile record, doing 31 1-5sec as against 31 2-5sec.

* * *

AT the Shrewsbury Swimming Club, September 20, J. H. Tyers, the amateur champion, swam a distance of 220 yards in the remarkable time of 2min 41 3-5sec, lowering the best previous record by 5 1-5sec.

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A PLATFORM erected at the entrance to the Excelsior Athletic Club at Akron, Ohio, U.S., suddenly collapsed on September 20 while about 100 men were standing upon it awaiting the opening of the doors. They fell a distance of twenty-five feet. Two persons were killed, and twenty-five more or less seriously injured.

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TOM SULLIVAN, the champion sculler, will give £25 in cash prizes for an open four-oared race, to be decided on the Thames September 29.

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AT the Corporation Baths, Burnley, September 19, Tyers turned up as a competitor in an eighty yards handicap swimming race. He won his heat by about a yard and a half, beating J. Redfearn, of Blackburn, who had 14sec start, in 50sec, the record time. In the semi-final, however, which occupied the same time, he was beaten by Read, of Preston, 11sec start, and C. H. Smith, of Keighley, who had 17sec. Read won by about two yards.

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THE sculling race from Putney to Mortlake between Sam Emmett, of Wandsworth, and Tom Campbell, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, for £100 a-side, was decided on September 17. The start was by mutual consent, and at half-past two the pair got away at the first attempt and on very even terms. Rowing the faster stroke, Campbell was half a length ahead at Alexander's boathouse, but Emmett, rowing powerfully, got level by the time half a mile had been covered. Keeping a long, sweeping stroke to his opponent's short ones, the Londoner by degrees wore his rival down, and at Hammersmith Bridge he was quite three and a half clear lengths in front, his time being 9min 19sec to Campbell's 9min 27sec. A little further on, opposite Tom Sullivan's hotel, the Newcastle man made a gallant effort to get up to his rival, but without effect; and Emmett, rowing well within himself, ultimately won by four lengths in 22min 58sec.

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THE Midland Pedestrian Company's 135 yards handicap for £50 in prizes, decided September 15, 17, and 18, on Lea Brook Grounds, Wednesbury, was a financial success. The winners in the second round of trial heats were—T. Green, 13½yds; T. Green, Warrington, 17½yds; G. Croyden, 20yds; and F. Bruton, 15yds. During an interval J. Haggerty, of Stalybridge, and W. Mills, of Rochdale, agreed to race on handicap terms for £50; Mills off the 7yds mark, and Haggerty 13½yds start. The last named was a favourite, and won by 1½yds. When the final heat of the handicap was run off the crowd was so great that it surged upon the course, and the referee was unable to name a winner. The heat was run over again on September 18. T. Green, Warrington, finished first, with T. Green, West Houghton, second, Bruton third, and Croyden fourth.

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W. RUSSELL, of Brownhills, finished five yards in front of E. Williams, of Aldridge, in a 100yds race, at Bloxwich, September 17, for a £10 stake.

* * *

PETER MOSS, of Camberwell Road, says: "It would hardly be fair for the shaving contest to be decided in the East End, where Rymer is at home, and a question would arise as to whether the visiting contestants would get fair play. My subjects would undoubtedly object to going such a great distance for four out of the six nights. I trust a central location will be secured, so that it will be as fair to one as the other."

THEY DESTROYED THE NEGATIVES.

Young Men who Objected to their Sisters Being Photographed in Tights.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THERE are a great many photographers who make a specialty of photographing the fair sex in tights, and find it a profitable business. Young girls who become stage-struck find considerable enjoyment in having portraits taken in pretty much the same way as the stage artistes whom they admire, and are prepared to pay an exorbitant figure to gratify their desires. It was in a well-known gallery recently that two young ladies of tender age were taken after the style of a prominent stage artist, and matters would have progressed serenely had not their elder brothers discovered the portraits in the possession of the girls. They immediately insisted on the girls accompanying them, and the four called upon the photographer in question. The latter stood upon his dignity for a time, and, finding the young men were determined to secure the plates, he produced them, only to see the negatives dashed to the floor in atoms. He was strictly forbidden not to again photograph the girls, and the quartette departed, much to the relief of the photographer.

"PORDEY" McCARTHY.

A Cardiff Pugilist who Seeks a Battle with Sam Thomas.

(With Portrait.)

"PORDEY" MCCARTHY, of Cardiff, is desirous of meeting Sam Thomas, alias Butcher, of Pontypridd, in a twenty-round contest on October 8, at the National Sporting Club. He is but twenty-three years of age, stands 5ft 6½in tall, and possesses the bottom requisite to make a good man. Five years ago he had a shy at Morgan Crowther, and in three meetings with Bob Wiltshire, the 10st champion of Wales, he succeeded in coming off victorious in the last event, which was for £25 a-side at the Pelican Club in Cardiff. McCarthy disposed of Tom Jones, but in a six-round contest with Sam Thomas the referee gave a verdict in favour of the latter.

McCarthy is desirous of getting a customer, and prefers Sam Thomas, whom he consents to meet for a purse and a suitable side bet. He has many friends in Cardiff, and will be well supported in any fight he participates in.

HE WAS ACCOMMODATED.

"Do you give gas here?" asked a wild-looking man who rushed into a dentist's office in the West-end yesterday morning.

"We do," replied the dentist.

"Does it put a fellow to sleep?"

"It does."

"Sound asleep, so you can't wake him up?"

"Yes."

"You could break his jaw or gouge out his eye, and he wouldn't feel it?"

"He would know nothing of it."

"How long does it make him stay asleep?"

"The physical insensibility produced by inhaling the gas lasts a minute or a little less."

"I guess that's long enough. Got it all ready for a fellow to take?"

"Yes. Take a seat in this chair and show me your tooth."

"Tooth nothing!" said the excited caller, beginning rapidly to remove his coat and waistcoat. "I want you to pull a porous plaster off my back."

A HOTEL TOILET-ROOM EPISODE.

An Inebriated Young Man who Doffed his Shirt to Wash Up.

(Subject of Illustration).

WE have frequently heard of young men changing their socks in a lavatory or a public park, but it was not until the other day that we were informed of an inebriated individual so far forgetting himself as to enter the toilet room of a prominent London hotel and doff his shirt in order to wash up. He entered unobserved by the porter and repaired to the toilet room, where he started to disrobe in the busy portion of the evening. The porter happened in as he was taking off his shirt, and took him to task for the little escapade. He was compelled to put on his shirt, and then escorted out. "All right, governor," he remarked, "I thought I was in my own room; I'll see you later."

HEROES OF THE FLEET.

Willie Smith and Bill Baxter Prove a Success in a Comedy Sketch at a Hoxton Theatre.

(Subject of Illustration.)

WILLIE SMITH, 8st 2lb champion, and Bill Baxter are the first couple of English boxers to score a success in a comedy sketch on the stage. They have been appearing at the Varieties, Hoxton, in "Heroes of the Fleet." Miss Florence Archer and Charles Mawson are the mainstays for the amusing portions of the sketch, which gives promise of a successful future. They contemplate a tour to the United States after fulfilling a series of engagements in this country.

"MUG HUNTERS" CAPTURED.

FOUR tailors are not equal to two detectives. This problem in equations was proved in a railway carriage between Finsbury Park and Wood Green, when four men who had temporarily forsaken the iron goose to look for human ones capable of being taken in by the three-card trick were hookwinked by two officers, who succeeded in capturing three of them. Their names were James Norbury, White Horse Buildings, Fetter Lane; Thomas Johnson, Great Yarmouth; and Thomas Wilson, Midland Chambers, Euston Road, the other "snip," who managed to escape, being unknown. In the carriage they all professed to be strangers to each other, but commenced the card trick, and unsuspectingly invited the detectives to make a "little bit" by joining in. At Wood Green Station they were considerably surprised at finding themselves seized by the officers, who managed to retain three of them. On Wilson were found two flash £5 notes, which he said he found among some rubbish. Johnson was sent to gaol for three weeks, and the others for a fortnight. For once they proved themselves as destitute of discrimination as the real goose.

A WELL-DESERVED SENTENCE.

AT Yarmouth Police Court, before the Mayor and other magistrates, Frederick Dean, 33, clerk, was charged with obtaining £4 10s. by a trick at Yarmouth Races. Jas. Storey, cattle dealer, said he attended the races and went into the 10s. ring. He saw prisoner there, and made a bet with him on the first race. He gave him £4, prisoner taking £6 to £4 against Royal Mask. This horse won, and he went to prisoner's stand, but could not find him, and did not see him again until he was in custody. Prisoner was carrying the bag produced, slung over his shoulders marked in large white letters "Harry Brand." He missed prisoner just before the race finished, but thought he would return. H. R. Sewell said he was also in the ring and made a bet with prisoner, who took 50 to 10 about Royal Mask. He gave him 10s., but could not find him when the race was over. Detective-Sergt. Brogden, of the Metropolitan Police, said that immediately after the first race he saw prisoner leaving the course. As he was concealing something he took prisoner back to the ring, and afterwards to the police station. He found prisoner was concealing his betting book containing an entry of the bets spoken to and others. He had £7 10s. in gold, 5s. 6d. in silver, and 1½d. in bronze, not enough to pay all the bets. The Mayor said the case was fully proved, and prisoner was sentenced to six weeks' hard labour.

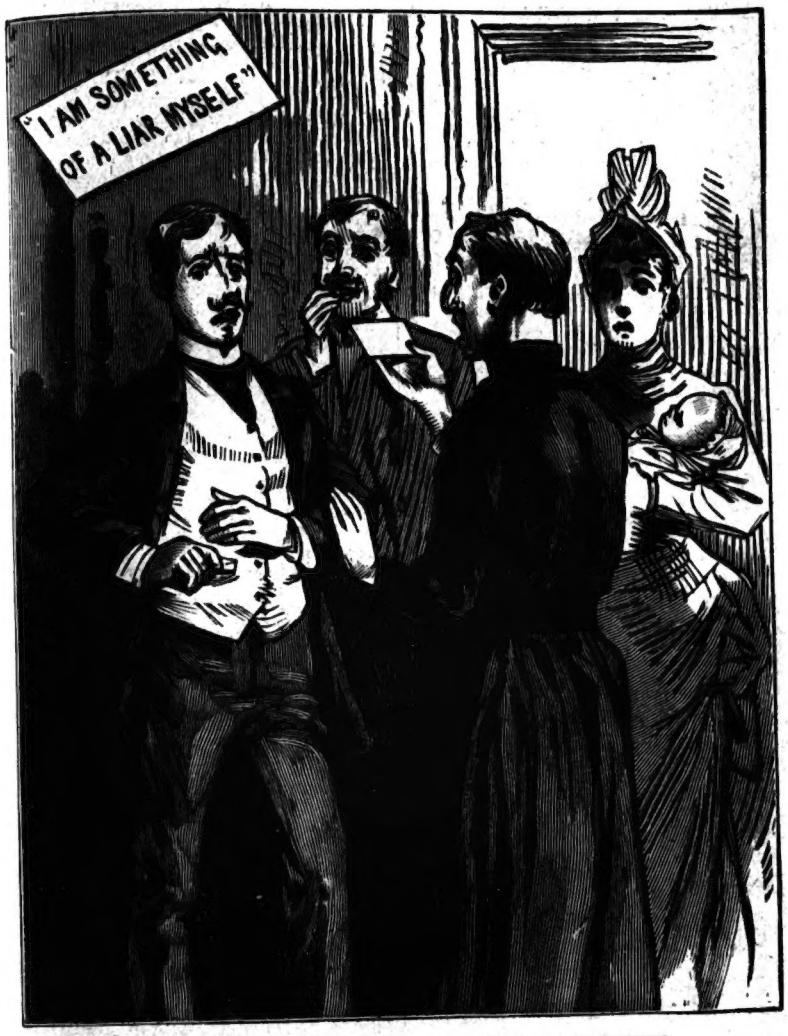
THE Argonaut Rowing Club, of Toronto, Canada, will send a crew here next year to compete at Henley.

"EF folks 'ud take de trouble to stop an study a little," said Uncle Ephraim, "dey'd un'stan' de meanin' of a good many words dey can't 'splain offhan'. Now, dah's de word rec'onize. Hit means I reck'n I-se seed you afo', honey, but I cain't place ye."

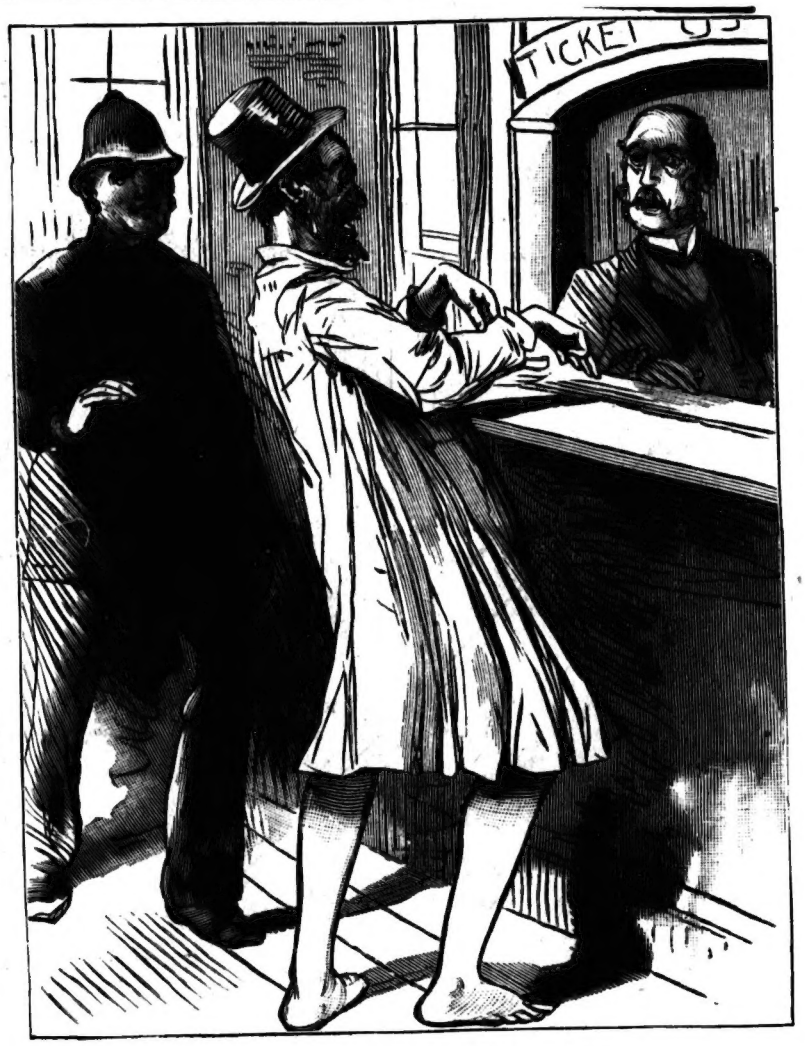
A PUNCH IN EXCHANGE FOR STAMPS.
A Jocular Young Man who Found Jack as Good as his Master.

IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM.
A City Man who Outwitted a Pair of Burglars.

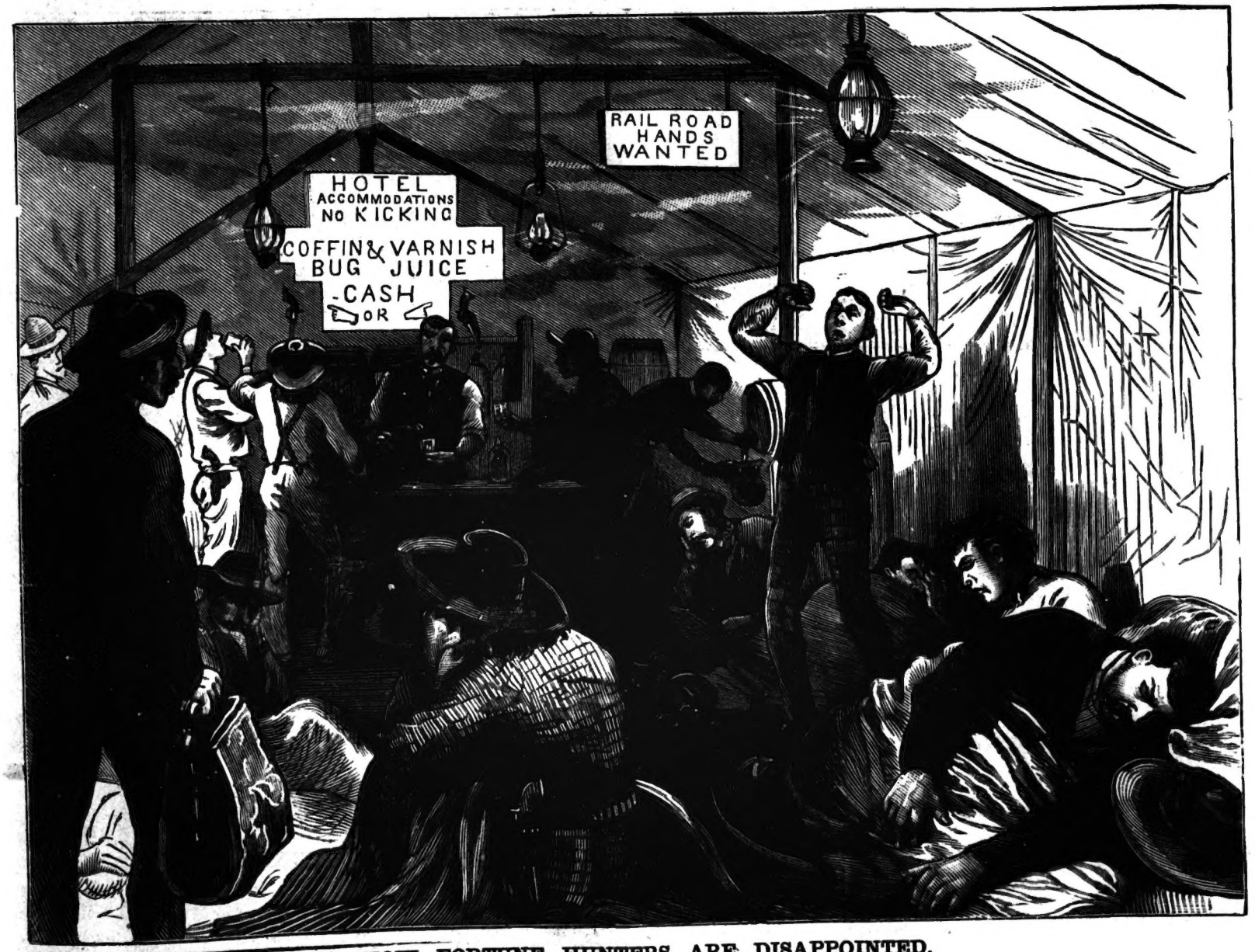
BILLSTICKERS IN A FIGHT.
Two Knights of the Pastepot Fight to a Finish.



GAVE THE PARSON A CALL DOWN.
A Man who Doubted the Veracity of the Language used at a Christening.



OBEYED HIS MASTER.
An Irishman who Placed a Wrong Interpretation on the Instructions He Received.



HOW FORTUNE HUNTERS ARE DISAPPOINTED.
Emigrants to Foreign Shores find themselves in Obnoxious Company.

JACKSON'S MERITS DISCUSSED.

In every large city in the United States there are clubs confined to gentlemen of colour, and several lodges of Freemasonry have been formed. North of Mason and Dixon's line the coloured man is accorded considerable freedom; but in the South they are denied admission to the principal theatres, hotels, and public places. They are to some extent a downtrodden race, and naturally feel their position keenly. Curious to say, a man of colour never makes a good actor or comedian, and though the wing dance originated with them, the white man, when behind a mask of burnt cork, can perform the steps in a more pleasing manner than the black man himself. It is a treat to attend a coloured club meeting, and remarks made by some of the quaint characters would convulse an ordinary person into hearty merriment. By way of a variety we produce a report of a meeting of the Picayunes:—

Chairman: "Gemmen, I'se call dis yere meetin' to order. Rastus Samoleon Brown, Nicodemas Hezikiah Jackson, and Abraham George Washington Kellog am a committee ob three 'pointed by dis yere honorable charman to 'westigate der position ob our brudders who am strugglin' wid dis ongrateful universe fo de advancement ob gemmen who hab der distingshun ob our colour. De vexed point in consideration befo dis intelligent body am der queshun ob supremacy between Peter Jackson an' dat bombastick Cobert. Brudders, yo' will come foward an' deposit in de safe keeping ob der committee appointed on dis yere occasion yo' razzors an' all der paraphenalia necessary ter bring inter sarvice when yo' make yer wisits to der chicken coops and melon patches, kase it prewails upon yer honorable charman to look foward wid pride to an orderly meetin'. Brudder Rastus Samoleon Brown, yo' are called upon befo' dis yere body of cullud gemmen to prognosticate yo' views on der point in question."

"Gemmen, as der charman, Massa George Henry Elias Chloroform Thompson, hab delegated me to debate dis ebening upon der rising ob der cullud race, it gibs me pleasure to remark dat we are der mos' proficient gemmen ob der universe. Am not Brudder Thompson der smartest man dat eber wisited a chicken coop at night? Am dere annuder who can carry as many melons from a patch as Brudder Kellog? Where am dere a man who can do justis to an obstrubulous melon like Massa Andrew Ginger Johnsing! But ob all der points in question am der a man amongst der whole ob der white trash who can whip Peter Jackson? He am not der kind to show hisself befo a looking-glass or a new-fangled machine to hab his photograph took. Peter am a fighter, der white trash am jealous ob him, and wat's more he am apprised ob de fact. When dat great an' glorious hero Peter Jackson say, sah, he doan fight in der South he am kereet. Massa Cobert say he gib Peter de whole ob der money if he am 'sturbed in de South. Was not Peter right when he declare dat dead nigger hab no use for money? I has der pleasure to gib way to Nicodemas."

"In dis yere salubrious country, where dey talk ob freedom, I rise to a pint in question," said Nicodemas Jackson. "Who am de downtrodden folk ob de universe? Am it not de cullud gemmen? He hab his neck stretched a yard long from a tree to please de white trash ob der South. Why? Cause he am de smart man, he am blessed with a cullur what white man can't get. Why do white folks go in ther kentry fo ebery summer? Am it not to improve der complexion to a ebony hue? Cobert say he do honor to recognise Peter; how do he do him an honor? Why do Bob Fitzsimmons say dat Frank Craig's complexion prevents a fight? Am not der Coffee Cooler a good man? Dat am de reason, gemmen, he am too damn good. Doan white trash carry a revolver, and we depend upon a razzor to carry us fro dis yere world of trials and tribulations? Dar am no use talking furder ou dis yere subject, but I move dis meeting adjourn after we pass der resolutions dat we boycott der white trash, and it must be moved and carried foward dat any gemmen here who are compelled by circumstances ober which he hab no control to carry food to white trash, dat he singly, seberally, and doubly spit on der food befo he gibs it to de white trash, so dey hab to masterkate what we remove from our moufs, an' den we see if de white folk can prove an alibi dat dey hab no nigger blood course frew dere veins in de future."

EDWIN ROBERT HARDIE.

A Tonsorial Artist who has Shaved Ten Men in 6min 40sec.

(With Portrait.)

Edwin Robert Hardie, of 124, St. Paul's Road, Burdett Road, Bow, is an aspirant for championship honours as a rapid shaver. He boasts of a record of shaving ten men in 6min 40sec, and has signified his intention of contending for The Mirror of Life championship trophy.

He: "What assurance can I give you of my love for you when we are married?"
She: "A good life assurance."

A BOOKMAKER CHARGED WITH FRAUD.

Joseph Scales, commission agent, Sandringham Road, Dalston, was charged at West London with obtaining £50 from George Lymington Walker by false representations. Complainant, a draper's buyer out of employment, residing in Larkhall Rise, Clapham, said he answered an advertisement in August, and, after an interview with the prisoner, entered into a partnership agreement to carry on the business of bookmakers. The agreement was for complainant to pay £150 and one-third of the losses and expenses, receiving one-third of the winnings and £6 a week as clerk, prisoner undertaking to pay into the partnership a sum of £300. According to the evidence of the complainant he paid £150 to the prisoner. On the first day of York Races the winnings were supposed to have amounted to £18, but losses on the second day came to nearly £100. There was no settlement, and at the close of the first day's proceedings he determined to dissolve the partnership, as he was not satisfied with it. However, in the meantime he was induced to draw out £50 from the South-Western Bank at Chelsea, which he allowed prisoner to have on the promise that he would return the money at Victoria Station, where he had arranged an appointment with another man to receive £200, the proceeds of a cheque which he represented he had drawn on his bank in Tottenham Court Road. The parties repaired to Victoria Station, but the man did not put in an appearance, and the £200 was not forthcoming, neither was the £50 returned. It was proved by the cashier at the branch of the Union Bank in Tottenham Court Road that the prisoner's balance at the time was 11d. only.

In cross-examination the complainant said he was quite now to bookmaking, but he made a few bets previously and won £25. There was champagne and a visit to the theatre, but personal expenses were not included in the agreement.

The magistrate thought it was a case for a jury, and committed prisoner for trial for larceny by a trick.

FRENCH OFFICIALS ATTEND A BULL FIGHT.

M. Max Lebaudy is having his fill of glory as a toreador. A big slice of the fortune left to him by the estimable refiner of sugar who was responsible for his existence has been sunk in the construction of a bull-ring on the most approved lines at Maisons Laffitte. There, for the second time in ten days, "le petit sucrier" displayed himself recently, in all the splendour of a red sash and a blue velvet jacket, and took part in the killing of four bulls, to the apparent satisfaction of a "select party" of invited guests. What we are chiefly concerned to observe is that the mayor was among them. It is a little matter that Max Lebaudy should play the fool while his money lasts. French society will tire of his constant bids for notoriety, and will drop him and his bull-ring just as it has dropped less ridiculous figures. But when the municipal chief of the place in which his folly takes its vilest and most brutalising form not only refrains from stamping these relapses into barbarism with his displeasure but actually sanctions them with his presence, it is time to ask if this official approval represents the real feeling of France. It is claimed that Lebaudy is giving the 100 guinea purse for Callan and Gover to fight for with bare knuckles on his private estate.

EXERCISED IN ORDER TO SOBER UP.

Coming Home at Midnight, a Swell Resorts to the Rowing Machine to Brace up before Retiring.

(Subject of Illustration.)

When men are the worse off for liquor they cut some peculiar pranks. We have heard of a young man returning home in a maudlin condition, and upon entering his residence disrobe in the hallway. Believing he was in his sleeping apartment, he set his boots outside the door upon the steps and then laid down in the hall for the night. Men have also been detected undressing in a cab to retire, whilst it is a frequent occurrence for them to go to bed with their boots on, but a new idea has been sprung which is probably an innovation to those who indulge in an occasional spree. It was at a swell residence in the north-west portion of the metropolis that the incident transpired. It appears the swell, returning in a dilapidated state, went directly to the bath-room, where he doffed his coat, and sitting upon a rowing apparatus, set out to exercise in hopes of destroying the effects of the liquor he had placed inside his stomach. He was pulling away for dear life in the darkness when his wife put in an appearance and bustled him off to bed. "I'm only taking exercise, my dear," he said, "to relieve my overtaxed brain. You may think I have been drinking, but it is not so. Do I look like a man who would take too much?" The wife made no immediate response until the following morning, when she exacted a promise of better behaviour in the future.

HANDY WITH A PASTE BRUSH.

Homer is unfortunately dead. Had he been alive, poet laureate, an inhabitant of Shaftesbury Avenue, and troubled with an insomnia which compelled him to get out of bed between two and three o'clock in the morning, he would undoubtedly have added to his immortal "Iliad" another book descriptive of the great bill-sticking fight which he could have witnessed from his bedroom window. There are two kinds of bill-posting recognised in the trade. One is the common or everyday method, carried on in daylight and on recognised posting stations; the other is "fly-sticking," or the art of pasting bills anywhere, which is generally carried on under cover of darkness, and is attended with a certain degree of adventure. George Dickinson has charge of an empty house in the Avenue mentioned, and is much concerned at the industry which "fly-stickers" show to cover the building with flaming posters. He sat up all night to catch them. At an early hour of the morning Edward Craddock walked up, deposited a pail of paste on the pavement, and forthwith proceeded to post up a large bill. Dickinson sallied forth, and after a minute's parley the great combat commenced. Craddock commenced by giving the remonstrant a wipe across the face with the paste brush, and as that instrument was twelve inches wide it did not miss much of the caretaker's physiognomy. The surplus paste which the face was unable to utilise flowed down to the garments and rested there. Dickinson retaliated by kicking over the paste-pail and demolishing the bill, and the battle then became general. It ended only with the exhaustion of the parties and the necessity which the bill-poster experienced of ringing up an apothecary in order to have four pieces of sticking-plaster pasted on his nose. Thus adorned he appeared at Bow Street to prosecute Dickinson for assault, but Sir John Bridge, after listening to a graphic account of the great paste-pot fight, merely bound over the defendant to keep the peace for three months.

JOE CRAIG, OF BELFAST.

A Clever Middle-Weight Pugilist who is Champion of Ulster.

(With Portrait.)

Joe Craig, of Belfast, gives promise of becoming a first-class fighting man, and has many friends who stand prepared to back him heavily in any match he makes. He was born in Belfast in 1867, stands 5ft 9in, and fights at 10st 10lb. He has only recently taken to boxing as a profession, his first venture being against McKeown, of Govan, and though the Govan man got the verdict the admirers of Craig were greatly dissatisfied and tried to arrange a second battle, but without success. Craig fought Tom Rice, of Dublin, to a six-round draw in Belfast, and subsequently defeated Tom Henry by knocking him out in the second round and capturing the £25 purse. This was considered locally a great victory for Craig, because Henry boasted of an unbeaten record. He next met P. C. M'Gurgan, 13st 7lb, and after a hard struggle of six rounds both men consented to a draw. His next engagement of note was when Frank P. Slavin and Jem Young, of London, paid Belfast a visit, and announced their willingness to box all comers. Craig promptly accepted the challenge of Young, and defeated him in four rounds. Slavin, not being satisfied with the result, offered a purse of £30 for a second fight.

Ginnett's Circus was again secured, and a more crowded house was never witnessed, the contest being looked upon as an international one. Craig again proved victorious, knocking Young out in the second round. He is at present disengaged, but is prepared to meet any 11st man in Ireland or Scotland.

Craig is decidedly popular with the sporting public of Belfast, his quiet, unassuming manner gaining him friends wherever he goes. He is located at the Commercial Boxing Club, Commercial Court, Donegall Street, Belfast, the manager of which (Mr. Tom Boyce) is always ready to lend a helping hand to all boxers. He is trained by William Gibb, who is well known in the North of England.

IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM.

A City Man who Outwitted a Pair of Burglars.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Burglars are easily outwitted when any new dodge is played upon them. A certain City man who has been in the habit of keeping a goodly sum of money on hand was recently apprised of the fact that his place was liable to be visited by burglars. He had his offices placed under strict surveillance, and each evening before locking up he hung upon the safe a sign requesting burglars not to spoil the iron box by blowing it open. His cash he placed beneath his desk in a careless manner, and in the course of a week he had the pleasure of surprising two midnight marauders, who were busily engaged reading the placard. By making a noise he put the pair to flight, and it is hardly likely his place will be troubled for many a day.

GOODY YORK.

A Colchester Lad who is a Determined Fighter and a Thorough Game 'Un.

(With Portrait.)

Those who know Goody York, of Colchester, are aware of the fact that he is a determined fighter and thoroughly game. He has made a good record for himself the past few years. He commanded public attention when he won an open competition at Bethnal Green, and followed this venture up in 1887 by disposing of Tom Wooding in six rounds at Mile End, and again in twelve rounds at Birmingham. After securing first in a catch-weight competition at Colchester, he defeated George Pritchard in five rounds at Green Lanes, and at the same place he beat Joe Hardcastle in ten rounds for a purse of £25. Beat Charley Grey, of Bury, in four rounds at the Colchester Corn Exchange; beat Joe Thompson in two rounds at Ipswich; beat Tom Wilsid in twelve rounds for £50 and gate at Ipswich; beat Mick Miles in five rounds at Habbijam's; beaten by Bill Corbett at the Thames Rowing Club; again beaten by Corbett at the Raglan Music Hall; beaten by Park Andrews in Burge's 9st competition at Leeds; beaten by A. Checkett in eight rounds at Habbijam's; won Hinde's 8st 4lb competition at St. Andrew's Hall. His last match was with Bert Smith at Edmonton for a purse of £25. York won in three rounds. He is in search of a fight, and should give a good account of himself during the coming season.

BILLSTICKERS IN A FIGHT.

Two Knights of the Pastepot Fight to a Finish.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"Quite a lively turn-up was witnessed in the south of London the other day," says a correspondent, "which will not soon be forgotten. It appears that one of the brigade became jealous of a companion, and to vent his feelings he jabbed a brush full of paste into the face of his foe The man who was so suddenly attacked retaliated with a second brush, and then commenced a lively encounter. Paste flew thick and fast till a peacemaker jumped in and soused the bucket of paste over the pair, when hostilities ceased, and the belligerent billstickers wended their way homeward to cleanse themselves."

KEPT HIS DAUGHTER UNDER CONTROL.

A trio of swells were highly amused when visiting the seashore recently to perceive a handsome and attractive young lady enjoying a dip in the surf. On the sands was her father, who held a fast grip upon a handle attached to a cylinder, upon which was coiled a stout rope, the other end being attached to a belt which encircled the young lady's waist. He gave as a reason for his actions that young women were liable to venture too far in the water; hence the frequent cases of drowning. Again, it prevented unsophisticated mashers from being too bold with those who were not in search of an impromptu acquaintance.

HELD UP TO RIDICULE.

A Loving Couple Placarded by Street Urchins.

(Subject of Illustration.)

People in the vicinity of Charing Cross were amused recently on watching a young couple walk lovingly through the thoroughfare. On the back of the man was a placard upon which was inscribed the words, "We love each other." Two street urchins were following closely behind, apparently delighted with what they had done, and no doubt the loving couple would have been the objects of ridicule as far as Piccadilly, had not a policeman informed the young man of the predicament he was placed in.

READ THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

Those who desire to keep posted on matters appertaining to sporting should not fail to read the Mirror of Life weekly. It shall contain from week to week portraits of people prominent in all branches of sporting, a thorough review of boxing, pedestrianism, aquatics, and gossip of men of olden times. All articles will be just, and bestow credit where credit is due.

The portraits and sketches of stage celebrities of this country and the United States, with occasional gossip of the new features presented at different music-halls throughout the kingdom, will not be the least attractive in the journal.

The utmost care will be taken not to publish in any portion of the paper anything that borders upon lewdness or immorality. Advertisements of a questionable character will not be accepted because they have a tendency to degrade and corrupt. The Mirror of Life is in the field as a thorough illustrated sporting journal, pure and simple, and the encouragement it has received is sufficient to guarantee a success.

THEY SAY

— That the highest possible score of 42 points at 20 yards was made at Ilford by Mr. Walter Winans, in the North London Rifle Club's revolver competitions.

* * *

— That a terrible domestic tragedy has occurred at Trinity Parish, Jersey. A farmer named Francis Mourant, annoyed because his wife had gone sand-celing with her mother, shot her in the head, blowing away her nose and jaw and destroying both eyes. He decamped, but was captured by the police.

* * *

— That Capt. Daniel, of the 5th Lancers, and Adjutant of the West Somerset Yeomanry Cavalry, underwent his bankruptcy examination at Taunton. He stated that his betting transactions had amounted to some thousands of pounds, and he had borrowed large sums of money to pay his debts of honour. Some of it had been borrowed at 60 per cent. interest. His father had allowed him £500 a year, and last year had given him £2,000. He had sent in his papers to the War Office. The examination was adjourned until October 22.

* * *

— That at Galesburg, Illinois, Alix trotted a mile, in harness, in 2min 3½sec.

* * *

— That a painful sensation was caused at Halifax, Nova Scotia, September 19, by the dead body of Major Beresford, of the Royal Engineers, being found in the courtyard of the hotel at which he was staying, and which is much frequented by officers of the garrison. The appearance of the body was such as to indicate a terribly violent death, and inquiries elicited the fact that a short time previously the unfortunate officer was seen seated in the flower garden on the flat roof of the hotel.

* * *

— That for the present the golfing greens around London are almost wholly deserted. While in Scotland golf is played by the masses and the classes alike, in the south the conditions are such that the royal and ancient game is the luxury of the rich and the leisured.

* * *

— That Miss Violet Melnotte has received an intimation from the Lord Chamberlain to the effect that the Chinese Ambassador has taken exception to the play of "The Chinaman," now being performed at the Trafalgar Theatre. His Excellency is of opinion that the character of the Mandarin is not treated with sufficient dignity, and that his only mission in the play is to invite laughter.

* * *

— That at Northampton the magistrates had before them a shocking case of cruelty to children. The defendant was Michael Gould, a stitchman, whose children had undergone much suffering through neglect, one aged four years weighing but 14lb. The wife, who appeared with black eyes, is also alleged to have been subjected to considerable ill-treatment at the hands of Gould. The man was sentenced to three months' hard labour.

* * *

— That anglers who make the Thames their principal fishing ground would just now welcome a good deal more rain than has fallen, as sport still continues dull, on account of the unfavourable condition of the river. At Kingston some fine perch and chub have been creeled, and the Windsor waters have been yielding barbel up to 7lb. In regard to trout fishing in the Shepperton district during the season just closed, Mr. G. Palmer, with eleven fish, scaling 68lb, headed the list, and also caught the second largest trout of the season, its weight being 9lb 8oz.

* * *

— That in the Cesarewitch betting a commission has been worked for Opera Glass, and the business in this quarter is of a genuine character, and, further, that THE MIRROR OF LIFE plumped for Opera Glass when the odds were 100 to 1—in fact, before the weights were announced. Have our readers taken some of the 100 to 1 odds?

* * *

— That at Dewsbury John Mack, a bookmaker, was fined £25 for using the Navigation Inn, Mirfield, as a gaming house. Mrs. Naylor, the landlady of the house, was fined £10 for allowing her premises to be used for such a purpose.

* * *

— That Best Man runs in the Prix du Consul Municipal on October 7. Fred Webb will ride the horse.

* * *

— That Madame Fursch-Madi, the famous opera singer, has just died at Warrenville, in New Jersey.

* * *

— That Mr. William Waldorf Astor has an income of one million six hundred thousand pounds a year.

* * *

— That Mr. George Gould's expenses this season for the yachts Atalanta and Vigilant are estimated at nearly eighty thousand pounds.

* * *

— That in the case of Asher Jacobs, a china dealer, carrying on business at Kilburn, the Official Receiver reports that the debtor attributes his failure to extravagance in living, and to losses by betting and gambling. The liabilities are £4,174. A proposal for a scheme of arrangement has been lodged.

WE OFTEN WONDER.

— If played-out pugilists will ever get sensible enough to refrain from forcing themselves upon the public as coming men.

— If Jem Smith ever displayed form as a fighter that entitled him to recognition as a first-class man.

— If Jim Corbett will dare to make a match where his opponent will have an even chance of victory.

— If Peter Jackson is really in good condition physically.

— If Harry Spurden's right arm will recover its usefulness.

— If fighters will condescend to do their fighting in the ring and not for newspapers.

— If Johnny Boyle, of Glasgow, and Tom Williams will come together in October.

— If England will produce another man who is as proficient at managing glove contests as John Fleming.

— If John O'Brien can get down to 11st 4lb and retain his strength.

— If Frank Craig will prove himself a Cooler when he takes on O'Brien.

— If the Burge-Pritchard contest in public will be worth looking at.

— If Lord Hawke's team of English cricketers will be successful in their Philadelphia match.

— If George Corfield will take a holiday before he arranges another fight.

— If Charley Kelly will really come here from the States to meet Corfield.

— If they will create a revival in Sheffield handicaps.

— If R. G. Knowles will be a success in "A Trip to Chinatown."

— If any sporting journal will ever acknowledge that THE MIRROR OF LIFE is the best illustrated paper ever published.

— If J. L. McCusker, the American swimmer, will ever arrange that match with Joey Nuttall.

— If England will ever produce another such swimming champion as J. H. Tyers.

— If the circulation of THE MIRROR OF LIFE will ever cease in its upward flight.

— If there is any feature we could introduce that would be better received than our Ring Gossip.

— If we shall ever witness a glove fight between females; we hope not, at least.

— If women will ever appear in the streets in trousers; we know many of them wear them at home.

— If it will ever come to pass where the husband will do the housework and nurse the children while the wife goes out to labour.

— If Willie Smith and Bill Baxter will succeed as actors in their little sketch.

— If boat-racing will ever be revived in England.

— If an old maid could retire at night without first looking under the bed.

— If Lottie Collins will be a success as a theatrical star in America this season.

— If English pugilists will ever get so they can appear in a full dress suit of clothes.

— If a woman could watch a mouse run across the floor without shrieking.

— If there ever existed a woman who would acknowledge she was not the means of her husband's success.

— If a bachelor realises that he is the most fortunate mortal on the face of the earth.

— If women will ever discard the use of powder and paint to improve the complexion.

— If there is a woman who would acknowledge she has a large foot.

— If henpecked husbands will ever become courageous enough to assert their rights at home.

— If the public realise that the success of THE MIRROR OF LIFE has exceeded the anticipations of the most sanguine sportsmen.

— If His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales reads our paper every week.

GREEK BRIGANDS KILLED.

A BAND of Greek brigands committed a most daring outrage near Lamia, and attended by tragic results. A public prosecutor and a judge, accompanied by two secretaries, have lately been collecting information regarding brigandage in a number of villages in the province of Phthiotis, and, having accomplished their mission, started to return homeward in a carriage escorted by two mounted gendarmes. On arriving within half an hour's journey of Lamia the carriage was surrounded by the band of Papakyritsopulo, a notorious brigand chief, and the whole party were made prisoners. The prosecutor and judge were carried off by the brigands, who, however, allowed the others to go free. Papakyritsopulo intended to take his prisoners to Mount Othrys, but before starting the captives sent a note to the Nomarch of the province by the secretaries, informing him that the brigands demanded that no steps should be taken against them, and no troops sent in pursuit until ransom had been paid. Nevertheless the authorities at once despatched a hundred troops, who overtook the brigands, and after a fierce fight exterminated the whole band, but not before the Public Prosecutor had been killed and the Judge wounded so badly that he expired within a few hours.

A TRAIN ATTACKED IN AMERICA.

A DARING attempt was made September 18 by four masked men to "hold up" the Colorado and Utah express on the Santa Fé Railway, near Gorin, Missouri. The robbers expected that it would carry at least 50,000 dollars, Monday's run usually being the heaviest of the week. Information of the attack which was to be made had previously reached the company through a spy, and in order that the robbers might if possible be captured this man kept ostensibly in league with the gang until the last moment. The train was amply guarded to meet all contingencies. At half-past three on the morning of the 18th, when the express was in the neighbourhood of Gorin, the spy, as arranged with the officials, walked on to the track some distance ahead and waved a flag. When the train had been brought to a standstill the four masked men emerged from the woods and covered the carriages with their revolvers. One walked up to the engine and fired at the engine-driver, a man named Prescott. The shot took effect in the breast, but the wound is not expected to prove fatal. The guards on the train at once opened fire on the marauders. The latter retaliated, and an incessant fire was kept up for some time. The robbers were eventually put to flight, and were pursued into the forest by the guards. The passengers were panic-stricken during the fighting, and to avoid the bullets threw themselves on the floors of the carriages. It is claimed that the perpetrators were four farmers. Two of them were captured after a desperate resistance, one of them being shot in six places before he gave himself up.

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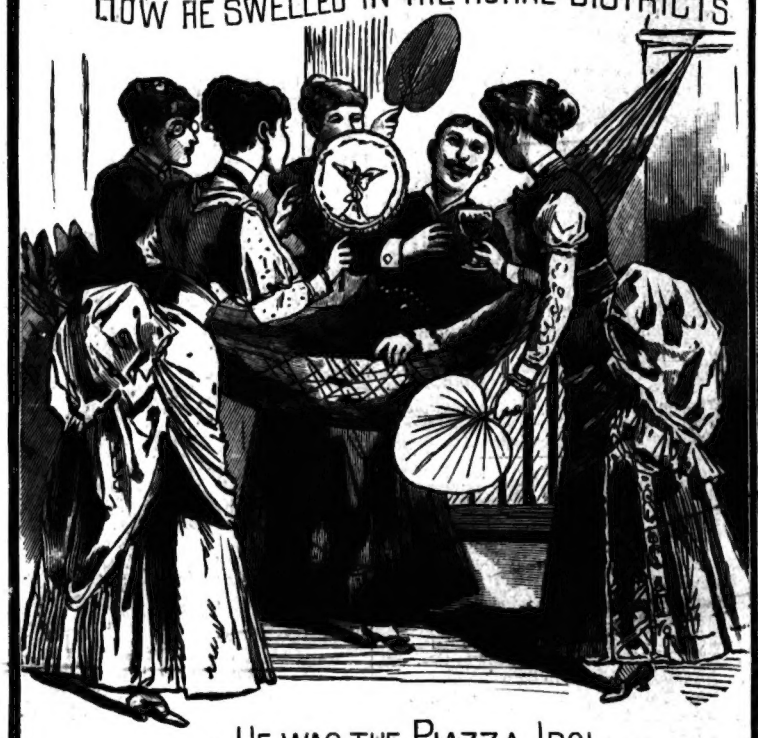
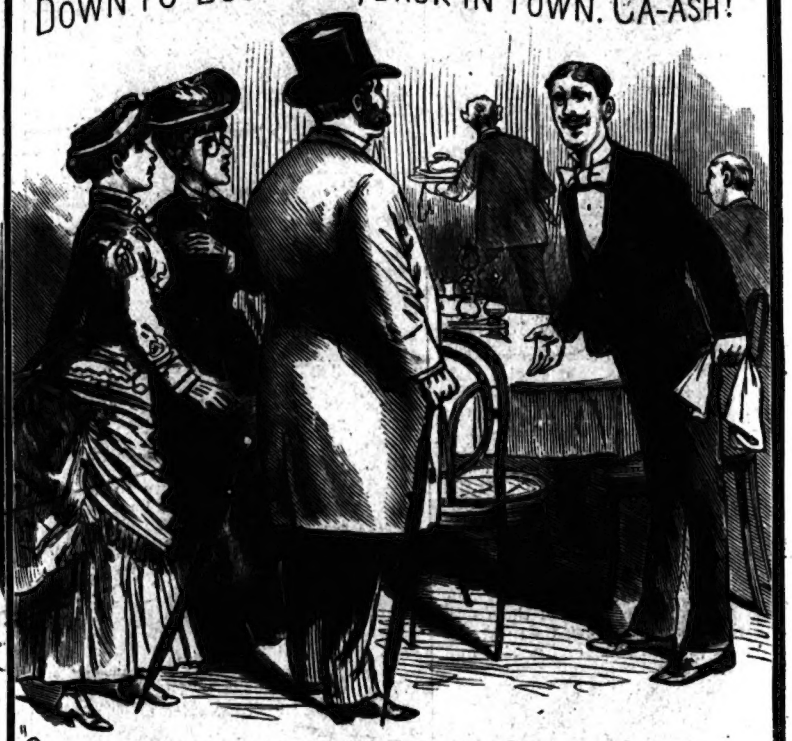
HOW HE SWELLED IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS

DOWN TO BUSINESS, BACK IN TOWN. "CA-ASH!"



HE WAS THE PIAZZA IDOL



"OH, HORRORS, OUR SUMMER MASH

"ONE COLLAR LEFT, JIM. WE CAN STAY ANOTHER WEEK"

"FIFTY WEEKS OF THIS FOR A FORTNIGHT OF GRANDEUR"

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How Clerks on a Limited Salary Pose as Swells During a Fortnight's Vacation.

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